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THE

# COMPLETE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

## Harvard Edition.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

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*IN TWENTY VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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# LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

ONE of the plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, as an example of Shakespeare's reputed excellence in Comedy. The same year a quarto edition of the play was published, with the following in the title-page: "As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented." No earlier or later issue of the play in quarto is known to have been made; so that we are in the dark as to what the corrections and expansions were. There was also published the same year, 1598, *The Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, in which the piece is clearly referred to:

Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
  Yclepèd so, so callèd to my pain,
Which I to hear to my small joy did stay,
  Giving attendance on my froward dame.

Each actor play'd in cunning wise his part,
  But chiefly those entrapp'd in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was feignèd, 'twas not from the heart;
  They seem'd to grieve, but yet they felt no care:
'Twas I that grief indeed did bear in breast;
  The others did but make a show in jest.

Beyond the forecited notices, we have no external evidence as to the time either of the original writing or of the revision. But the piece itself abounds in unmistakable marks of the Poet's earliest style. Though not, perhaps, much superior as a whole to *The Two Gentlemen*, yet it has several rare strains of poetry far surpassing any thing in that play. "We find in both," says Staunton, "though in different degrees, the same fluency and sweetness of measure, the same frequency of rhymes, the same laborious addiction to quibbling, repartees, and doggerel

verse; and in both it is observable that depth of characterization is altogether subordinate to elegance and sprightliness of dialogue."

No play or tale has come to light, that could have contributed any thing towards the plot or the matter of *Love's Labours Lost*. But Mr. Hunter cites a passage from Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, which infers that either Shakespeare himself or the author from whom he borrowed had something of an historic basis for the story: "Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained the gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France; renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours *the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord.*" The play has a passage, in ii. 1, that tallies exactly with this:

Madam, your father here doth intimate
*The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;*
*Being but the one-half of an entire sum*
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.

The point is not only curious in itself, but enables us to fix the time of the play, or rather of the story on which it may have been founded, to about the year 1425, in which the King of Navarre died.

This play is badly printed in all the old copies, abounding in gross textual corruptions, some of them of such a nature as almost to defy the resources of corrective art. Learned editors and commentators have laboured hard and long to get the text into a satisfactory state; but, apparently, something, perhaps much, still remains to be done. Several corrections, none of them my own however, will here be found, that are not to be met with, so far as I know, in any other edition of the Poet's works.

# LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

*PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, Lords attending on the King.
BOYET, MERCADE, Lords attending on the Princess of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD, a Clown.
MOTH, Page to Armado.
A Forester.

PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, Ladies attending on the Princess.
JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors, — for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.[1]
You three, Birón,[2] Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's-delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these[3] living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.

[1] *Art* is here used in the classical sense, for *liberal learning*, as in the academical terms "bachelor of arts" and "master of arts."

[2] So this name is constantly pronounced throughout the play, with the accent on the second syllable, Birón, as in the French. In the old editions it is spelt *Berowne.*

[3] *All these* refers, apparently, to his companions in the proposed life of study and fasting. See Critical Notes.

But there are other strict observances, —
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day besides,
The which I hope is not enrollèd there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink[4] of all the day,
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,)
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, —
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

*King*. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron*. Let me say no, my liege, an if[5] you please:
I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three years' space.

*Long*. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

*Biron*. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

*King*. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

*Biron*. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

*King*. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron*. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, — to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

[4] To *wink*, as the word is here used, is to *doze, snooze*, or *take a nap*.— "*Of* all the day" is, as we should say, *through* or *during* all the day. *Of* was not unfrequently used thus.

[5] *An if* is an old reduplicative phrase, for *if* or *an*, which two words had the same meaning. So the Poet uses *an*, or *if*, or *an if*, indifferently.

When mistresses from common sense[6] are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me [7] how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.[8]
Study is like the heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save bare authority, from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

[6] *Sense* for *sight* or *observation.*

[7] Here, as often, *me* is redundant, but with a slight dash of humour. So, in Falstaff's praise of sack, *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3: "It ascends *me* into the brain; dries *me* there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it;" &c.

[8] The meaning seems to be, that when he has his eye dazzled or made weak by fixing it upon a fairer eye, this *fairer eye* shall be his heed, that is to say, his *guide* or *lode-star*, and give light to him who was blinded by it. *Dazzling* for *dazzled;* the active form with the passive sense. This indiscriminate use of the two forms, both in participles and adjectives, is quite frequent.

That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[9]

*King*. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum*. Proceeded [10] well, to stop all good proceeding!

*Long*. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron*. The Spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

*Dum*. How follows that?

*Biron*. Fit in his place and time.

*Dum*. In reason nothing.

*Biron*. Something, then, in rhyme.

*King*. Birón is like an envious-sneaping [11] frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the Spring.

*Biron*. Well, say I am; why should proud Summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth;[12]
But like of each thing that in season grows.

[9] In the baptismal service of the Church, it is made the special office of the sponsors to give names to the persons baptized. And the meaning here is, that too much knowledge, or learning, only gives *fame*, that is, a *name*, which every godfather can do. Well explained by Heath: "Too eager a pursuit of knowledge is rewarded, not with the real possession of its object, but only with the reputation of having attained it. And this observation is the more pertinent, as the King himself, at the beginning of the play, proposed *fame* as the principal aim and motive of their studies."

[10] *Proceed* was an academical term for *taking a degree*; as, to *proceed* master of arts.

[11] *Sneaping* is *nipping* or *biting*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 1, we have "*sneaping* winds." Elsewhere the Poet has *sneap*, a substantive, for *check* or *rebuke*.— *Envy* was continually used for *malice*, and *envious* for *malicious*.

[12] "May's new-fangled earth" is the earth *dressed out* or *decked anew* with the flowers that spring on its bosom in May.

So you — to study now it is too late —
Climb o'er the house 't unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out:[13] go home, Birón: adieu.

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I've sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] *Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court,* — Hath this been proclaimed?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. — [Reads.] *on pain of losing her tongue.* — Who devised this penalty?

*Long.* Marry,[14] that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law, — against gentility! —
[Reads.] *Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.*
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French King's daughter with yourself to speak, —
A maid of grace and cómplete majesty, —
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admirèd Princess hither.

[13] *Sit you out* is an expression borrowed from the card-table.

[14] *Marry* is an old corruption of *Mary*, and grew into use as a general intensive from a custom of swearing by the Virgin Mother. It means *truly*, *verily*, *indeed*, or *to be sure*.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, — so won, so lost.
*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie[15] here on mere necessity.
*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects[16] is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall break't for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity. —
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[17] are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the one that last will keep his oath.
But is there no quick[18] recreation granted?
*King.* Ay, that there is. Our Court, you know, is haunted
With a refinèd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

[15] To *lie* is, in the ambassadorial sense, to *reside.* So in Sir Henry Wotton's punning definition: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

[16] *Affects* for *affections* or *passions.* A frequent usage.

[17] *Temptations;* the more common meaning of *suggestion* in Shakespeare's time. So in v. 2, of this play: "Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults *suggested* us to make them."

[18] *Quick* for *lively*, *spirited*, or *mirth-moving.*

A man of complements,[19] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,[20]
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.[21]
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[22]

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[23] words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter* DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

*Dull.* Which is the Duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow: what wouldst?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough:[24] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

19 *Complements* in its old sense, for *accomplishments;* whatever serves to *complete* or *finish* a man. Repeatedly so.

20 *Hight* is an old word for *is called.* Used several times by Shakespeare.

21 *Debate* is *quarrel, strife,* or *contention;* an old use of the word.

22 To relate fabulous stories was part of a *minstrel's* occupation.

23 *Fire-new* is *fresh from the forge;* as in our word *brand-new.*

24 *Tharborough* is a corruption of *third-borough;* a peace-officer, constable, or constable's assistant. *Reprehend* for *represent.*

*Long.* A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear laughing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb[25] in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[26]

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form,[27] and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's Earth's god and body's fostering patron:*—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads.] *So it is,*—

[25] The word *climb* shows that a quibble is intended between *style* and *stile*, which means a set of steps for passing over a fence.

[26] "Taken with the *manner*" is the old phrase for taken *in the act*, or *in the fact;* as when a thief is caught with the stolen goods upon him.

[27] *Form* is *bench;* still used of classes in schools, which were formerly arranged according to the benches on which they sat.

*Cost.* It may be so: but, if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so-so.

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* — be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [Reads.] *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped*[28] *thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or see'st: but to the place where, — it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted*[29] *garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,* —

*Cost.* Me.

King. [Reads.] — *that unlettered small-knowing soul,* —

*Cost.* Me.

King. [Reads.] — *that shallow vessel* —

*Cost.* Still me.

King. [Reads.] — *which, as I remember, hight Costard,* —

*Cost.* O, me.

King. [Reads.] — *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with* —

[28] *Ycleped*, or *cleped*, is another old word for *called.*

[29] Gardens were wont to be laid out in *knots* or *figures*, the lines of which intersected each other. Curious devices for these are set forth in old books on gardening.

*with, — O, with — but with this I passion*[30] *to say where-with, —*

*Cost.* With a wench.

King. [Reads.] — *with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I — as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on — have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. [Reads.] *For Jaquenetta, — so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, — I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. — But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

[30] To *passion* is to *grieve*, to *be sorry*, or to *express* grief or sorrow. Repeatedly so. The proper meaning of *passion* is *suffering*.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This *maid* will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Birón, see him deliver'd o'er:—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt the* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,[31]
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.[1]

*Moth.* No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

31 "I will *stake*, or *wager*, my head *against* any good man's hat."

1 *Imp* means literally a *graff*, *scion*, or *shoot* of a tree; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child*. Now used chiefly of wicked or mischievous boys; sprouts of the Devil.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answer'd, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary, — crosses love not him.[2]

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

[2] Moth is punning: some coins were stamped with a *cross* on one side, and hence called *crosses*. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2, Falstaff having asked the Chief Justice for a loan, the latter replies, "Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.[3]

*Moth.* You are a gentlemen and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.[4]

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I

[3] A *tapster* was a tavern menial whose special business it was to serve the guests with ale, wine, or other drink. He also had to keep an account or *reckoning* of what he drew from the cask, or the *tap*.

[4] The *dancing horse* was a celebrated wonder of the Poet's time. He was the pupil and property of a person named Bankes; thus mentioned in Jonson's *Epigrams*: "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras, grave tutor to the *learned horse*." Sir Kenelm Digby says of the beast, "He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master." Bankes, with his horse, is said to have had a narrow escape in France from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the Devil.

should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules! — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child,[5] let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too: — who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers;[6] but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

[5] "Sweet my child" for *my sweet child.* The Poet has many like expressions; as, "dear my lord," "sweet my sister," "gentle my brother," "gracious my mother," &c.

[6] Referring, probably, to the *willow,* the ancient badge of disappointed lovers. So, in *Much Ado,* ii. 1, when Claudio supposes the Prince has got his Hero, Benedick offers to go with him "to the next *willow,*" and asks him, "What fashion will you wear the garland of?"

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[7]

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[8]

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression[9] by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

7 That is, "which she *owns by nature*," or which are *naturally her own*.

8 Alluding to the old ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, printed in Percy's *Reliques*. It is referred to again in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 1.

9 *Digression* for the act of straying or diverging from the right,—*transgression*. The Poet uses the verb to *digress* in the same sense.

*Enter* DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Dull.* Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but 'a[10] must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allow'd for the day-woman.[11] Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid, —

*Jaq.* Man?

*Arm.* — I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.[12]

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?[13]

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so, farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

10 The letter *a*, with the apostrophe before it, occurs very often as an old vulgar, or familiar, colloquialism for *he* or *she*.

11 Meaning, probably, allow'd to *help* the *dairy*-woman. It appears that a house for making cheese was sometimes called a *day-house*. And Singer, in a note on the word, says, "A friend informs me that he has a cheese-farm in Cheshire, which has been called *Day-house* Green for centuries."

12 Armado and Jaquenetta are at cross-purposes: he takes *hereby* in the sense of *close by;* while she uses it in the sense of *as it may happen;* such being a provincial use of the word among the common people.

13 This odd phrase was still used in Fielding's time; who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, apologizes for its lack of sense by saying that it was "taken verbatim from very polite conversation."

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, — which is a great argument of falsehood,— if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar;[14] Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, — and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, — and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft[15] is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[16] will not

[14] A *familiar*, as the term is here used, was a demon attendant on a witch or conjuror.

[15] A *butt-shaft*, according to Nares, was "a kind of arrow, used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet be easily extracted."

[16] "The *first* and *second cause*," and so on up to the *seventh*, were fashionable terms in the science of duelling; meaning *cause of quarrel*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, Tybalt is described as "a gentleman of the first and second cause"; that is, one who will find cause of quarrel in the slightest provocation.

serve my turn; the passado[17] he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager[18] is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetist.[19] Devise, wit, — write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. — *A Part of the Park: a Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS *of France*, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest[1] spirits:
Consider who[2] the King your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,

[17] *Passado* was a term of the fencing-school, for a forward pass or thrust with the rapier.

[18] It appears that *manager* and to *manage* were used, in a way somewhat technical, of one who uses, handles, or practises with, arms and warlike implements. So in *Richard II.*, iii. 2: "Yea, distaff-women *manage* rusty bills." And in *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2: "Come, *manage* me your caliver." Also, in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*: "If Mars have sovereign power to *manage* arms."

[19] Writing sonnets or ballads was the proverbial resort of love-smitten swains. So in *As You Like It*, ii. 7: "And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." Later in this play, the King and his companions give an example of the same propensity.

[1] *Dearest* in the more general sense of *best*. So in *Othello*, i. 3: "These arms of mine have used their *dearest* action in the tented field."

[2] This use of *who* where we should use *whom* was not ungrammatical in Shakespeare's time.

To parley with the sole inheritor[3]
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, — a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world besides,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
*Prin.* Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's[4] tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to us seems it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold[5] of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,

[3] *Inheritor* for *possessor* or *owner*. So the verb to *inherit* often has the sense of to *own* or *possess*.

[4] A *chapman* is, strictly, one who traffics or bargains, whether in buying or selling.

[5] To be *bold* of a thing is to be *confident* or *assured* of it.

Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.
*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. —
[*Exit* BOYET.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?
*1 Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.
*Prin.* Know you the man?
*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnizéd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well-fitted in the arts,[6] glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss —
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil —
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
*Prin.* Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?
*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours know.
*Prin.* Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
*Cath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:[7]
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;

[6] "Well fitted in the arts" is well furnished with learning and accomplishments.

[7] "On account of his virtue, loved *by* all that love virtue." The sense is a little obscured by using *of* where *by* would now be used.

And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.[8]
*Ros.* Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Birón they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's[9] talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue — conceit's[10] expositor —
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishéd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishéd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
*1 Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?
*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[11] in oath
Were all address'd[12] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt, —
He rather means to lodge you in the field,

[8] The meaning is, "And my report of that good which I saw is much too little, *compared* to his great worthiness." The Poet often thus uses *to* with the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with.*

[9] Here, as often, *hour* is a dissyllable. See vol. i., page 168, note 3.

[10] *Conceit* was always used in a good sense; *conception, imagination*, or *thought;* any workings of the mind.

[11] *Competitors* for *partners* or *confederates.* See vol. i., page 196, note 3.

[12] *Address'd* is *prepared* or *made ready.* Often so.

Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The* Ladies *mask.*

*Enter the* KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

*King.* Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

*Prin.* *Fair* I give you back again; and *welcome* I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my Court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, — I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what 'tis.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where[13] now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
Not sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve[14] me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

[13] *Where* and *whereas* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

[14] Shakespeare uses *resolve* with great latitude. Here it means *answer, satisfy*, or *inform fully*. — *Suddenly* for *quickly* or *speedily*.

*Biron.* I know you did.
*Ros.* How needless was it, then, to ask the question!
*Biron.* You must not be so quick.
*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of[15] you that spur me with such questions.
*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
*Biron.* What time o' day?
*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.
*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!
*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!
*Biron.* And send you many lovers!
*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.
*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.
*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we — as neither have —
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the King your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart[16] withal,

[15] *Along of* is an old phrase, equivalent to *because of.*
[16] To *part* and to *depart* were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded[17] as it is.
Dear Princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word. —
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As[18] you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:

[17] *Gelded* is *maimed* or *curtailed.* So, in *Richard II.*, we have "Bereft and *gelded* of his patrimony."

[18] *As* where we should use *that.* The usage was common.

To-morrow shall[19] we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt the* KING *and his Train.*

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physic says ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* *No point*,[20] with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Catharine her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you, a word: what is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

[19] *Shall* where present usage requires *will*. The two were often used indiscriminately.

[20] A quibble between the French and English senses of *point*, which, in French, is an emphatic negative. Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, explains *punto* "never a whit; — *no point*, as the Frenchman says."

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.

*Biron.* [*Coming forward.*] What's her name in the cap?

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir: adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON. — Ladies *unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Birón, the merry madcap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.[21]

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several[22] they be.

[21] Alluding to what sometimes took place in naval fights, where, of two hostile ships, one was fastened to the other with grappling-irons; and then the crew of the former rushed aboard the latter to capture her. In what follows, a pun is implied between *sheep* and *ship*, which appear to have been sounded much alike. See vol. i., page 164, note 7.

[22] A quibble on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary meaning of *separate* or *distinct*, also signified an *enclosed* field as distinguished from a *common* one. Halliwell notes upon the text as follows: "Fields that were enclosed were called *severals*, in opposition to *commons;* the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals:* so Maria says, playing

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
*Boyet.* If my observation, — which very seldom lies, —
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosèd with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
*Prin.* With what?
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle affected.
*Prin.* Your reason?
*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough[23] desire:
His heart, like an agate,[24] with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,[25]
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

on the word, — my lips are not common, though they are certainly several, once part of the common." The matter seems to have been often drawn upon for illustration. So in Jonson's *Discoveries*: "Truth lies open to all; it is no man's *several*." And in Bacon's *Apothegms*: "Why, there is no beast, that, if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat." — It must be noted, further, that *though* is here used in a sense so uncommon as to be hardly intelligible to us, — the sense of *because*, *since*, or *for*. So that "*though* several they *be*" is equivalent to *since* or *because* they *are*. This use of *though* has caused much perplexity to the editors; but Shakespeare has repeated instances of it. So, in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3, Apemantus asks, "Dost thou hate a medlar?" and Timon replies, "Ay, *though* it look like thee"; where *though* is clearly put for *since* or *for*. See also notes on *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5.

23 *Thorough* and *through* are but different forms of the same word, and Shakespeare uses them indifferently, as suits his verse.

24 Agates were much in use, carved into figures like modern cameos. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4: "An *agate*-stone on the fore-finger of an alderman."

25 A very odd and obscure passage, but probably meaning, "his tongue impatient of the slow process of speech, and of being unable to see"; or dissatisfied with the function of speaking, and craving the celerity of vision.

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair: [26]
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,[27]
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.[28]

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then? do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

[26] "That they might have no feeling or exercise but that of looking on the fairest of fair." Obscure again.

[27] *Quotations* were commonly printed in the *margins* of books.

[28] "The Princess," says Dyce, "uses *disposed* in the sense of 'inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry,' — thinking, as she well might, that Boyet was talking a little too freely; though Boyet, choosing to understand the word simply in the sense of *inclined*, immediately adds, 'But to speak,' &c." And he amply sustains this explanation by apt passages from Peele, and from Beaumont and Fletcher.

# ACT III.

## SCENE I. — *A Part of the Park.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* [*Sings.*] *Concolinel*[1] —

*Arm.* Sweet air! — Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[2] hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[3]

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[4] to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyes; sigh a note and sing a note, — sometime[5] through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, — sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the

[1] *Concolinel* was perhaps the corrupted title or beginning of an Italian song; and songs used on the stage were often omitted in manuscripts and printed copies of plays, and merely referred to or indicated, as being already well known. Whatever may have been used on this occasion, nothing further is now known of it.

[2] *Festinately* is *quickly* or *hastily;* from the Latin *festino.*

[3] *Brawl* was the name of a dance; from the French *branle,* which indicates a shaking or swinging motion. Whatever it may have been, Jonson gives it a most Heliconian baptism in his *Vision of Delight:*

> In curious knots and mazes, so
> The Spring at first was taught to go;
> And Zephyr, when he came to woo
> His Flora, had their motions too:
> And thence did Venus learn to lead
> Th' Idalian *brawls.*

[4] *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance; sometimes accompanied by the castanets.

[5] *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet,[6] like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements,[7] these are humours; these betray nice wenches, — that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note — do you note me? — that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O, — but O, —

*Moth.* — the hobby-horse is forgot.[8]

*Arm.* Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your

[6] That is, a thin-*bellied* doublet. *Doublet* was the name of a man's upper garment; waistcoat, or vest. A *thin-bellied* seems to have been the opposite of a *great-bellied* doublet. "The doublets," says Staunton, "were made some without stuffing, — thin-bellied, — and some bombasted out." He then quotes the following from Stubbes: "Certain I am, there never was any kind of apparel ever invented, that could more disproportion the body of a man, than these doublets with *great bellies* hanging down, and stuffed," &c.

[7] *Complements* again for *accomplishments*. See page 12, note 19.

[8] The *Hobby-horse* was a personage in the ancient Morris-dance. The opposition of the Puritans to this dance caused the Hobby-horse to be left out of it; and hence the line or burden of an old song became proverbial: "For O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot." See *Hamlet*, iii. 2.

heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, — and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathized;[9] a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: —
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace! —
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face: —
Most rude melancholy,[10] valour gives thee place. —
My herald is return'd.

[9] The meaning probably is, that the absurd love-message is *well matched* by the equally absurd choice of Costard as the bearer of it; that is to say, the message, the sender, and the bearer are all just suited to each other, or "in a concatenation accordingly."

[10] Melancholy *most rude*, because it sighs out its breath impolitely in the face of the welkin, that is, the *sky*. This use of *welkin* occurs frequently. So in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "The sea, mounting to th' *welkin's* cheek, dashes the fire out." Also for *sky-coloured* in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2: "Look on me with your *welkin* eye."

*Re-enter* MOTH *with* COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a Costard[11] broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come, — thy *l'envoy;*[12] — begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in thy mail,[13] sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy,* no *l'envoy;* no salve, sir, but a plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling, — O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy,* and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?[14]

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy.*

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy.* Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

[11] *Costard* is an old name for *apple;* from likeness of shape it came to signify *head,* in which sense Moth is here punning upon the name.

[12] *L'envoy* is a technical term in old French, to signify a sort of post-script, — a farewell or a moral at the end of a poem, and sometimes of prose pieces.

[13] *Mail* in its old sense of *wallet, budget,* or *bag.* Costard, not understanding Armado's terms, takes for granted that they mean some remedy for his broken shin, and rejects the whole package for the simpler application of a plantain-leaf.

[14] Here Moth is at an equivoque between the English *salve* and the Latin *salvè,* which, like *l'envoy,* means *farewell.*

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by making four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy.*
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy,* ending in the goose: would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain,[15] a goose, that's flat. —
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat. —
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see — a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy.*

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy,* the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.[16]

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy:*
I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

[15] So in *The Comedy of Errors,* iii. 1: "It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*"; which shows that the phrase now so common for *tricked, taken in,* or *made sport of,* is no recent invention. See vol. i., page 106, note 12.

[16] "Three women and a goose make a market," is an old proverb.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances: — I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this —

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and set me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, let thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof,[17] impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant [*Giving a letter.*] to the country maid Jacquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving money.*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. — Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. — Signior Costard, adieu. [*Exit.*

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[18] Jew! —
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armador o' the one side; — O, a most dainty man! —
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!
And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathetical nit.[19]
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings —

[17] *In lieu of* was always used, I think, in the sense of *in return for*, or *in consideration of.* It now means *instead of.*

[18] *Incony* is an old word, of uncertain origin, meaning *fine, delicate, pretty.*

[19] *Pathetical* sometimes meant *passionate*, and sometimes *passion-moving;* but is probably used here in a sense peculiar to Costard, if with any sense at all. — *Nit* refers, of course, to the moth-like smallness of Moth.

remuneration. — *What's the price of this inkle?*[20] — *A penny.* — *No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it. — Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*Biron.* My good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Biron.* Why, then three-farthing-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your Worship: God b' wi' you![21]

*Biron.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* This afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* Thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your Worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend

[20] *Inkle* was the name of a kind of *tape*.

[21] "God *b' wi'* you!" often used by the Poet, is a shortened form of "God *be with* you!" which has been further shortened into the phrase "good by."

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon;[22] go.
[*Giving money.*

*Cost.* Gardon, — O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! — I will do it, sir, in print.[23] — Gardon — remuneration. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[24] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[25] king of codpieces,[26]
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors:[27] — O my little heart! —
And I to be a corporal of his field,[28]

[22] It may be needful to say that *guerdon* is *recompense* or *reward.*

[23] To do a thing *in print* is to do it with the utmost *exactness.* Shakespeare has the phrase again in *The Two Gentlemen.* See vol. I, page 182.

[24] *Wimpled* is *veiled, hooded,* or *blind-folded. Wimple* is still in use for *veil;* as in Wordsworth's sonnet on Mary of Scotland: "The Queen drew back the *wimple* that she wore."

[25] *Placket* has been variously explained, — a pettycoat, an under-pettycoat, a pocket attached to a pettycoat, a slit or opening in a pettycoat, and a stomacher. Dyce quotes an odd passage from Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice,* 1685, in which Eve is called "the mother of jilts," who, after playing false with the Serpent, "then pretended to modesty, and fell a-making *plackets* presently."

[26] *Codpiece* was the coarse name for an indelicate part of masculine attire, now out of use. See vol. i., page 198, note 6.

[27] *Apparitors* were officers of courts spiritual, to serve citations.

[28] "A corporal of the field" was employed, as an aide-de-camp is now, in carrying orders from the general or other high officers.

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop ![29]
What, what ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock,[30]
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A wightly[31] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

29 It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours.—A tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with coloured ribands.

30 In Shakespeare's time the English imported most of their clocks from Germany. These were intricate pieces of machinery, and apt to get out of order. Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, iv. 1, thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still, when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about noon the next day is put together again, like a great *German clock.*"

31 *Wightly* is an old word for *nimble*, *active*, *quick*, or *swift*. In this sense, Spenser uses both *wightly* and *wight*. So in *The Shepheards Calender*, March: "He was so wimble and so *wight*, from bough to bough he lepped light." Also, September: "For day, that was, is *wightly* past, and now at earst the dirke night doth hast."

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. — *A Part of the Park.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

*Prin.* Was that the King, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France. —
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair,[1] fit for these days!

[1] *Fair* is here used as a substantive and means *beauty*. Often so.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. —
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes, —
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst[2] wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.[3]

*Enter* COSTARD.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den[4] all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

[2] *Curst* is *sharp-tongued, snappish, scolding,* or *ill-tempered.*

[3] *Commonwealth* here means the new-modelled society of the King and his associates.

[4] *God dig-you-den* is a corruption of *God give you good even.*

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Birón to one Lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[5]

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve. —
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] *By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,* Veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize*[6] *in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! —* videlicet, *He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the King's. The captive is enriched: on whose side?*

[5] To *break up* is to *carve*, and was used figuratively of opening a letter; as the French use *poulet* to signify both a young fowl and a love-letter. So Henry the Fourth of France, consulting with Sully about his marriage, said, "My niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports that she loves *poulets* in paper better than in a *fricasee*."

[6] To *anatomize* a thing is to *unfold* and *explain* it *thoroughly*. So in *As You Like It*, i. 1: "I speak but brotherly of him; but should I *anatomize* him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder."

*the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's, — no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love! I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. — Thine, in the dearest design of industry,* DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar*
*'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.*
*Submissive fall his princely feet before,*
*And he from forage will incline to play:*
*But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?*
*Food for his rage, repasture for his den.*

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?
*Boyet.* I am much deceived but[7] I remember the style.
*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.[8]
*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in Court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[9] and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his book-mates.

[7] Here, as in some other places, *but* has the force of *if not*, — "*if* I do *not* remember." It is a peculiar use of what is called the exceptive *but*, which is formed from *be out*. "*Be out that* I remember," or "*but that* I remember," would express the same sense.

[8] Another quibble on *style*. See page 13, note 25.

[9] Alluding to a half-crazed fantastic who was much noted in London in the Poet's time. Francis Meres refers to him in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598: "Popular applause doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie; as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the Court."

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my Lord Birón, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords, away. —
Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and Train.*

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[10]

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.[11]
Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well, then I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

[10] A quibble between *shooter* and *suitor*, which thus appear to have been sounded much alike.

[11] A punning allusion to the old symbol of a dishonoured husband; or, as it is expressed in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1, "the antique memorial of cuckolds." The imputed or ideal horns of such a husband appear to have been a theme of mirth and mockery from time immemorial; and Shakespeare, in common with the other dramatists of that day, has references to it *ad nauseam*. In the text, the horns of the deer are made to start the allusion; and Boyet implies that Rosaline's husband, if she have one, will have the ideal horns. In Rosaline's next speech but one, she implies that Boyet is already in that condition.

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.[12]

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
*An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Cath.

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete [13] at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow-hand! [14] i'faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.[15]

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

[12] Maria is keeping up the allusion, and means that Rosaline is hitting Boyet in the place where the horns grow.

[13] To *mete* here means, to *measure* with the eye, as an archer does in taking aim. Probably an equivoque is intended on *prick*, which, in one sense, may be the *pin* that fastens the target to the butt.

[14] "Wide of the bow-hand" was a term in archery, meaning *wide of the mark to the left*, the bow being held by the left hand.

[15] The *clout* is the white part of the mark at which the shafts were aimed. This was upheld by a wooden *pin* in the centre; so that to *cleave the pin* was the perfection of shooting.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing.[16] Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! —
Sola, Sola! [*Shouting within.* — *Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

## SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, — blood;[1] ripe as a pomewater,[2] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlum*, — the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.[3]

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinua-

[16] *Rub* was a term at bowls, meaning, apparently, any obstruction or unevenness in the floor that hindered or deflected the bowl from its mark.

[1] *In blood* is a term of the chase, for *vigorous*, or *in good condition.* Staunton says the phrase "appears also to have meant an animal with its *blood up*, — ready to turn and attack its pursuers; like a stag at bay."

[2] *Pomewater* is a species or a variety of apple.

[3] A buck of the *first head* is a buck of the *fifth year.* So described in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the *first head.* Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a *fawn;* the second year, a *pricket;* the third year, a *sorrel;* the fourth year, a *soare;* the *fifth*, a buck of the *first head;* the sixth year, a complete buck."

tion, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformèd dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be —
Which we of taste and feeling are — for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school: [4]
But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, —
*Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman[5] Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna!

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

[4] A quibble turning on the word *patch*, which was often put for *fool*, from the motley or *patchwork* dress worn by professional Fools. So that the principal meaning is, "To set Dull in a school were setting a fool to learn," or "on learning." *To set* is here an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and so is equivalent to *by setting* or *in setting:* "In setting him in a school, a fool would be set to learning."

[5] *Goodman*, as here used, is the same as *master*, or *mister*. So the word occurs repeatedly in the English Bible.

*Hol.* The Moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught[6] not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.[7]

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollusion in the exchange; for the Moon is never but a month old: and I say, besides, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I will call the deer the Princess kill'd a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter,[8] for it argues facility.

*The preyful*[9] *Princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*
*Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*
*The dogs did yell: put* L *to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;*
*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel;*[10] *the people fall a-hooting.*
*If sore be sore, then* L *to sore makes fifty sores: O sore* L!
*Of the sore I an hundred make by adding but one more* L.

*Nath.* A rare talent!

[6] *Raught* is the old preterite of *reach.* The Poet has it repeatedly.

[7] Here the pedant characteristically uses *allusion* in the strict Latin sense of *play, sport, joke,* or *jest.* So that the meaning is, "The jest turns on the changing of the Moon." This happy explanation is Mr. A. E. Brae's.

[8] To *affect the letter*, as the words are here used, is to practise *alliteration.* The ridicule of this passage is aimed at certain verbal fopperies prevalent at the time.

[9] *Preyful* means *pursuing prey* or *game.*

[10] The terms *pricket, sore* or *soar*, and *sorel*, are explained in note 3 of this scene.

*Dull.* [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.[11]

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*,[12] and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion.[13] But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.[14]

*Hol.* Master person, — *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a

[11] Honest Dull is quibbling between *talon* and *talent*, which were sometimes written alike. To *flatter* was one of the senses of to *claw*. So in Howell's *Letters:* "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense, both as a noun and a verb.

[12] *Pia mater* is the membrane that covers the brain; sometimes, as here, put for the brain itself.

[13] "Upon the mellowing of occasion" is, "when time is ripe for it," or, "when the occasion renders it fitting." To *mellow* is to *ripen*.

[14] *Person* is one of the old spellings of *parson*. So in Selden's *Table Talk:* "Though we write *Parson* differently, yet 'tis but *Person;* that is, the individual Person set apart for the service of the Church; and 'tis in Latin *Persona*, and *Personatus* is a *Personage*."

turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master person, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,*[15] — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*Venegia, Venegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*[16]

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. — *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.* — Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [Reads.] *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?*
*Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!*
*Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;*
*Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.*
*Study his bias*[17] *leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,*

15 The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus, that is, of Baptista Spagnolo, were translated before Shakespeare's time, and the Latin printed on the opposite page, for use in schools. Spagnolo lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, 1448–1516, and was called Mantuanus from Mantua, the place of his birth. His first *Eclogue*, with Faustus and Fortunatus for interlocutors, begins thus:

*Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*
*Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores, &c.*

16 The Poet probably found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, where it is given as follows:

*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
*Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*

17 *His* for *its*, the latter not being then an accepted word, though the Poet has it several times, especially in his later plays. The use of *his* where

*Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:*
*If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;*
*Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend;*
*All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—*
*Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:*
*Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,*
*Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.*
*Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,*
*That*[18] *sings the Heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.*

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse [19] his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir.

*Nath.* 'Tis from one Monsieur Biron to one of the strange Queen's ladies.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript: *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: *Your ladyship's in all desired employment,* BIRON.—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the King; and here he hath framed a

we should use *its* occurs very often in the Bible. See vol. i., page 90, note 1.—*Bias* is *inclination* or *preference.*

18 Here *That* is clearly the relative pronoun, referring to *love;* and the meaning is, as Dyce remarks, "pardon the wrong that love does in singing," &c.

19 The Latin word *imitari* is probably used here in the double sense of to *imitate* and to *follow.* "The hound follows his master, the ape imitates his keeper, the tired horse follows his rider;" that is, when the rider dismounts, follows him into the stable, or to the pasture.

letter to a sequent[20] of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. — Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me. — Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith —

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.[21] But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. — [*To* DULL.] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

[20] *Sequent* appears to be a Holofernian idiom for *sequel,* that is, *follower.*

[21] *Colourable colours* is *specious appearances* or *deceits.* So *colour* is still used for any sort of *disguise,* or *misleading plausibility.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter* BIRON, *with a paper.*

*Biron.* The King he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil;[1] I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and ay the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, ay, a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the* KING, *with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by Heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!

1 That is, have *set a trap*, or *spread a net* or *snare*. The Poet has *toil* repeatedly in that sense. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2: "She looks like sleep, as she would catch another Antony in her strong *toil* of grace." —In what follows, "and so say I, and ay the fool," *ay* is used is a verb, and means *assent* to the fool, or *echo* the fool. Of course Biron is there quibbling between *I* and *ay*, which were formerly sounded and written alike, *I*. The same just after, in "it kills me, *ay*, a sheep."

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden Sun gives not*
*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,*
*As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote*
*The night of dew*[2] *that on my cheeks down flows:*
*Nor shines the silver Moon one half so bright*
*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;*
*Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:*
*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;*
*So ridest thou triümphing in my woe.*
*Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*
*And they thy glory through my grief will show:*
*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep*
*My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*
*O Queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,*
*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.* —
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper: —
Sweet leaves, shade folly. — Who is he comes here?
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear. [*Steps aside.*
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

*Enter* LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

*Long.* Ah me, I am forsworn!
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure,[3] wearing papers.

[2] "The *night* of *dew*" is the night of *grief* or *sorrow*. When the night of grief has been dispelled by the eye-beams of his mistress, the tear-drops on the cheeks of the lover are like the morning dew-drops on the rose. The substance of this explanation is from Mr. A. E. Brae.

[3] *Perjure* for *perjurer*; formerly a common usage. So in the old play of *King John*: "But now black-spotted *perjure* as he is, he takes a truce with Elinor's damn'd brat." — *Wearing papers* refers to the custom of making persons convicted of perjury wear papers setting forth their crime, while they were undergoing punishment. Holinshed says of Wolsey, "he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, an open *paper wearing*, that in his time it was less used."

*King.* [*Aside.*] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.
*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjured so?
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort, — not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn[4] that hangs up simplicity.
*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move: —
O sweet Maria, empress of my love! —
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[5]
*Long.* This same shall go. —
[Reads.] *Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,*
*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*
*Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*
*Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.*
*A woman I forswore; but I will prove,*
*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:*
*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*
*Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.*
*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:*
*Then thou, fair Sun, which on my Earth dost shine,*
*Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:*
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine:*
*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise*
*To lose[6] an oath to win a paradise?*

[4] The old gallows at Tyburn was of a triangular form.

[5] *Slop*, or *slops*, was a name for the large, loose, bagging trousers that were fashionable in the Poet's time. *Hose*, also, was in common use for breeches, or stockings, or both in one. So the Poet often has it. — *Guards* is *facings* or *trimmings*.

[6] *To lose* is another gerundial infinitive, and equivalent to *by losing*. See page 50, note 4. Also vol. i., page 207, note 12.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] This is the liver-vein,[7] which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Long.* By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill![8] O Heavens, I have my wish!

*Enter* DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks[9] in a dish!

*Dum.* O most divine Kate!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!

*Dum.* By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] By Earth, she is but corporal: there you lie.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.[10]

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Stoops, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no Sun must shine.

*Dum.* O, that I had my wish!

[7] The *liver* was supposed to be the seat of certain passions, especially of love.

[8] *More sacks to the mill* was the name of a well-known boyish sport.

[9] The wood-cock was thought to have no brains; hence the term came to mean a *foolish fellow.*

[10] To *quote*, as the word is here used, is to *note* or *mark;* and the meaning is, "Her amber-coloured hair has noted or marked amber itself as ugly." *Quote* is used just so again in v. 2, of this play: "We did not *quote* them so."

*Long.* [*Aside.*] And I had mine!

*King.* [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good Lord!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision![11]

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [Reads.] *On a day — alack the day! —*
*Love whose month is ever May,*
*Spied a blossom passing fair*
*Playing in the wanton air:*
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*
*All unseen, 'gan passage find;*
*That the lover, sick to death,*
*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*
*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;*
*Air, would I might triumph so!*
*But, alack, my hand is sworn*
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn; —*
*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,*
*Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!*
*Do not call it sin in me,*
*That I am forsworn for thee;*
*Thou for whom great Jove would swear*
*Juno but an Ethiop were;*
*And deny himself for Jove,*
*Turning mortal for thy love.*

11 *Misprision* is *mistake, misconception,* or *misunderstanding; prising amiss.*

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [*Advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

*King.* [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, your blush: as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:—
[*To* LONG.] You would for paradise break faith and troth;—
[*To* DUM.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will Birón say when that [12] he shall hear
Of faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!

[12] According to present usage, *that* is here redundant. Old English has many like combinations, such as *if that*, *for that*, *since that*, *though that*, *lest that*, &c.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.[13]

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
[*Descends from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[14] in your tears
There is no certain Princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the King your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen![15]
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,[16]
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,[17]
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

13 "*By* me" for *of* me; a frequent usage in old writers. So in *The Merchant*, i. 2: "How say you *by* the French lord?"

14 Referring to the line in the King's sonnet: "No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."

15 *Teen* is an old word for *grief, pain,* or *suffering.* Used repeatedly by Shakespeare; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3: "I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—and yet, to my *teen* be't spoken, I have but four," &c.

16 A *gig* was a kind of *top.* So in Florio's *Dictionary:* "A *top*, a *gigge*, or *twirle*, that children play with."—I do not well see why or in what sense the King is compared to a *gnat;* unless it be to note him as an insignificant insect, as the others are called *worms* a little before; which is Singer's explanation. Some take it as meaning to compare the King's poetry to the singing of a gnat: but do gnats sing? I never heard one *hum.*

17 *Jig* is also explained by Florio: "*Frattola*, a countrie *jigg*, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verses."

And critic [18] Timon laugh at idle toys !—
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?—
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?—
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho! [19]

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? [20] When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft! [21] whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love: good lover, let me go.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God bless the King!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here? [22]

[18] *Critic* and *cynic* were sometimes used synonymously.

[19] A *caudle* is a kind of warm drink for sick persons. Biron calls for one, in mockery of his *love-sick* companions.

[20] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers; which is much the same as brushing one's clothes.

[21] *Soft!* is an old exclamative for *stay! hold!* or *not too fast!*

[22] "What *is* treason *doing* here?" Such was the common language of the time. Shakespeare has it repeatedly.

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*] —
Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[BIRON *tears the letter.*

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Birón's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*

*Biron.* [*To* COSTARD.] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame. —
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, — even you, my liege, — and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four. —
Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away!

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth but obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;[23]
Therefore of[24] all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious Moon;
She an attending star, scare seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I Birón:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, —
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score Winters worn,

23 "We cannot *defeat* or *thwart* the *purpose* or *destiny* to which we were born." Or the meaning may be, "We cannot prevent or repress in ourselves the passion from which our birth originated."

24 *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases. The phrase "on all hands" was often used for *at all events.*

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.
*King.* By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.[25]
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair[26]
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted bright.
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.[27]

[25] *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge.* "*Black* is the *badge* of Hell; but that which graces heaven is the *crest* of *beauty.*" *Crest* is the *top*, *height*, or utmost degree, of beauty. So in *King John*, iv. 3: "This is the very *top*, the *height*, the *crest*, or *crest* unto the *crest*, of murder's arms."

[26] Shakespeare has many allusions to the custom, then prevalent among the ladies, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were called.

[27] To *crack of* a thing is the same as our phrase, to *crack it up*, that is, *boast* of it. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 5: "Our brags were *crack'd of* kitchen trulls."

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[*Showing his shoe.*
*Biron.* O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
*Dum.* O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
*King.* But what of this? are we not all in love?
*Biron.* Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,[28] how to cheat the Devil.
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.
*Biron.* 'Tis more than need. —
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto, —
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that[29] you have vow'd to study, lords,

[28] *Quillets* are sly turns in argument, nice and frivolous distinctions, the staple of casuistry and chicanery.

[29] *Where that* is here exactly equivalent to *whereas*. The Poet has it elsewhere just so.

In that each of you have forsworn his book:[30]
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tire
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,—
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:[31]
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,

[30] Meaning his *true* book; that from which most is to be learned.

[31] When the *jealous* and *inquisitive hearing* of a *thief* is *dull*. Of course a thief's ear is made sharp by apprehension of being caught.

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?[32]
Subtile as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice'[33] of all the gods
Make Heaven drowsy with the harmony.[34]
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;[35]
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

[32] The *Hesperides* put for the *garden* of the Hesperides; the *keepers* for the *thing kept;* a not uncommon figure of speech. Gabriel Harvey uses *Hesperides* in the same manner. Greene, also, in his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:*

> Shew the tree, leav'd with refinèd gold,
> Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
> That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides.*

[33] Here *voice'* is put for *voices.* The Poet has many plurals formed in the same way; as *corpse'* for *corpses*, *house'* for *houses*, *horse'* for *horses*, &c.

[34] The meaning probably is, that when Love speaks all the gods are moved to such harmonious utterance, that Heaven grows drowsy with the music. The sleep-persuading powers of music have been celebrated by the poets of every age, and are probably well known to all who have been children.

[35] An old form of speech, the same in sense as "that all men *love*," or "that *pleases* all men." A similar phrase, "it *likes* me" for "it *pleases* me," was very common.

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,—
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the Sun of them.[36]

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes[37] by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love,[38] strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[39]
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

36 In the days of archery it was a great point to have the Sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the enemy's face. The arrangement was of great advantage to Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—"Be *advised*" is be *careful* or *cautious*; a frequent usage.

37 *Glozes* are artful *explanations*, or *subterfuges*. To *gloss* is to *explain*, hence *explain away*.

38 "Fair Love" is Venus. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1: "Now, for the love of *Love* and *her* soft hours."

39 Apparently a proverb, and meaning, Where cockle is sowed, no corn is reaped.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I. — *A Part of the Park.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[1] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[2] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise [3] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt; det*, when he should pronounce *debt*, — d, e, b, t, not

[1] *Affection* for *affectation;* a frequent usage. So in the quarto text of *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of *affection*." — *Opinion* is used here with the sense of *opinionatedness.* — *Reasons* probably means *arguments*, or *points of discourse.* — Johnson sets down the Curate's speech as "a finished representation of colloquial excellence."

[2] His *speech* is *polished*, or *over-refined.* — *Thrasonical* is *vainglorious, boastful.* — *Picked* is *nice* or *fastidious* in his dress.

[3] *Point-devise* was a common expression for *exact, precise*, or *finical.*

d, e, t: he clepeth a *calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh* abbreviated *ne*. This is abhominable, — which he would call abominable: it insinuateth one of *insanire; ne intelligis, domine?* to wax frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Bon,—bon, fort bon,* Priscian! a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

*Enter* ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

*Arm.* [*To* MOTH.] Chirrah!

Hol. *Quare chirrah,* not *sirrah?*

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountered.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* [*To* COSTARD, *aside.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* O, they have lived long on the alms-basket[4] of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[5]

*Moth.* Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* [*To* HOL.] Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. — What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. — You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou consonant?

[4] The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket,* and distributed to the poor, in Shakespeare's time.

[5] A *flap-dragon* was a small combustible matter set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor; the toper to use his dexterity in swallowing it without burning his mouth.

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, — a, e, i, —

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it, — o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue[6] of wit, — snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.[7]

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, — a gig of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the Heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; *dunghill* for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *perambulate;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Chartreuse on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the pos-

6 A *venue* is a *hit, thrust*, or *come-on.*

7 A quibble between *wit-old* and *wittol;* which latter suggests the subject of *horns;* a *wittol* being a husband whose wife has played him false, who knows that she has done so, and who tamely puts up with it. So the word is used in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 2. See page 47, note 11.

teriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the King is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, my very good friend: for what is inward[8] between us, let it pass: — I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy, — I beseech thee, apparel thy head:[9] — and among other importunate and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too, — but let that pass: — for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio, — but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world, — but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breakings-out of

[8] *Inward* is *confidential* or *intimate.* The Poet has it as a substantive in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2.

[9] This obscure passage is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Ingleby in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics:* "If any one, from ill-breeding or over-politeness, stood uncovered a longer time than was necessary to perform the simple act of courtesy, the person so saluted reminded him of the fact, that the removal of the hat was a courtesy; and this was expressed by the euphemism, 'Remember thy courtesy,' which thus implied, 'Complete your courtesy, and replace your hat.'" The passage is well illustrated by the following in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 1: "To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you, *remember your courtesy.* — [Reads.] *To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.* — What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, *pray you, be cover'd.*"

mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. — Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance, at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess, — I say none so fit to present as the Nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules, —

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious,[10] though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies? —

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge[11] not, an antic. — [*To* DULL.] I beseech you, fellow.

[10] To convert what offends you into a source of dramatic effect, or into an opportunity for winning applause.

[11] *Fadge* is *fit* or *suit;* formerly a word polite enough.

*Hol.* *Via,*[12] goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.[13]

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull! — to our sport, away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Park. Before the* PRINCESS'S *Pavilion.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
Look you what I have from the loving King, —
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax,[1]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Cath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows[2] too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

12 *Via!* was a common exclamation of encouragement; *come on! away!*

13 The *hay* was an old country dance; thus spoken of in Davies' *Orchestra*, 1622: "Their violent turning and wild whirling *hayes.*" Which infers the dance to have been something lively.

1 An equivoque on *wax*, as meaning the stuff with which letters were sealed, and in the sense of to *grow;* as in the familiar verse, "Till moons shall *wax* and wane no more."

2 A *gallows* is a rogue, — one that deserves to be hanged. — *Unhappy* is *mischievous*. Often so used. See vol. i., page 132, note 9.

*Cath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse,[3] of this light word?

*Cath.* A light condition[4] in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Cath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;[5]
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Cath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you,[6] and therefore light.

*Cath.* You weigh me not, — O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, *Past cure is still past care.*

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set[7] of wit well play'd. —
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is't?

*Ros.* I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour[8] were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

[3] *Mouse* was a common term of familiar endearment; as *puss* is now.

[4] A *light condition* is a *cheerful*, or, perhaps, a *frivolous*, *temper*, or *disposition*. The use of *condition* in that sense is very frequent. A pun is also implied on *light*.

[5] An equivoque on the different senses of *snuff*, — *anger* and the *snuff of a candle*.

[6] Still another equivoque in *weigh;* one of the senses being, "I do not weigh *as much as you*," the other, "I do not regard or consider you."

[7] A *set* was a term at tennis for a *game*.

[8] *Favour* in the double sense of *features* and as when we speak of *conferring a favour*. This scene fairly rains quibbles.

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*Cath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils,[9] ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

*Cath.* A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Cath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Cath.* Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,—
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go:
O, that I knew he were but in by th' week![10]

[9] Rosaline cautions Catharine against using pencils, that is, drawing likenesses, lest she (Rosaline) should retaliate; and then, to pay her on the spot, compares her to a red dominical letter, and calls her marks of the small pox *O's*. It is to be remembered that Rosaline is a brunette beauty, Catharine a fair one. Shakespeare was not alone in using the Dominical Letter for comparisons. So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1611: "She sweares 'a lookes, for all the world, like the Dominical Letter, in his red coate."

[10] Meaning, apparently, "I wish I were as sure of his service for any set time as if I had hired him." The expression seems to be taken from the hiring of servants or labourers for a fixed term.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests ![11]
So portent-like[12] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my Fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learnèd fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter* BOYET.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter ![13] Where's her Grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare !—
Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters[14] mounted are
Against your peace : Love doth approach disguised,
Armèd in arguments ; you'll be surprised :
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;

[11] That is, " make him proud of the pride that I take in jesting at him."

[12] Portents, or portentous events, were thought to prognosticate, and so determine, the fortunes of men.

[13] Referring, probably, to the *stitch* in the side often caused by violent laughter.

[14] *Encounters* for *encounterers.* The Poet has many like expressions, such as *fife* for *fifer*, *reports* for *reporters*, *wrongs* for *wrongers*, &c.

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
*Prin.* Saint Denis to Saint Cupid ![15] What are they
That charge[16] their breath against us? say, scout, say.
*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half-an-hour;
When, lo, to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest[17]
The King and his companions! warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overhead what you shall overhear, —
That, by-and-by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*
And ever and anon they made a doubt[18]
Presence majestical would put him out;
*For*, quoth the King, *an angel shalt thou see;*
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil;*
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*
With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;

15 Cupid is regarded as the patron of the King's party; humorously called Saint, probably on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo.* Saint Denis is the patron saint of France; and the Princess means that she and her companions will stand under his patronage against the suits of Cupid's votaries.

16 *Charge*, here, is *aim* or *direct.* So in *Much Ado*, v. 1: "Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you *charge it* against me."

17 *Addrest* is *made ready* or *prepared.* So the word was very often used. See page 26, note 12.

18 *Doubt*, both noun and verb, was often used with the sense of *fear*, or *suspect.* Such is evidently the force of it here.

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, *Via! we will do't, come what will come;*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well;*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.[19]
*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?
*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-suit will advance
Unto his several mistress,—which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.
*Ros.* Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.
*Cath.* But in this changing what is your intent?
*Prin.* Th' effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;

[19] The *spleen* was thought to be the special seat of all sudden and explosive passions and emotions, whether of anger, grief, or laughter. *Ridiculous* is here used in an active sense, that of *laugh-producing*. And the tears are called *solemn*, because tears are the natural expression of *sorrow* or *suffering*, which latter word is here the meaning of *passion*.

And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the masquers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

*Enter* Blackamoors *with music;* MOTH; *the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth. *All hail, the richest beauties on the Earth!* —

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.[20]

Moth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames*

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.

*That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!* —

Biron. *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*
*Out* —

*Boyet.* True; *out* indeed.

[20] "No richer than rich taffeta," because the ladies are wearing masks made of that material.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*
*Not to behold—*

Biron. *Once to behold*, rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamèd eyes,*
*—— with your sun-beamèd—*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it *daughter-beamèd eyes.*

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!
[*Exit* MOTH.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the Princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure[21] with her on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the Princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

[21] *Measure* was the name of a slow, grave, and stately dance; described in *Much Ado*, ii. 1, as "full of state and ancientry."

*Boyet.* She hears, herself.
*Ros.* How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
*Ros.* My face is but a Moon, and clouded too.
*King.* Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright Moon, and these thy stars, to shine —
Those clouds removed — upon our watery eyne.
*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
*King.* Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidd'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
*Ros.* Play, music, then! — Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet; — no dance: — thus change I like the Moon.
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
*Ros.* You took the Moon at full, but now she's changed.
*King.* Yet still she is the Moon, and I the man.[22]
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legs should do it.
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands; — we will not dance.
*King.* Why take we hands, then?
*Ros.* Only to part friends: —
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

22 A playful allusion to a well-known stage character of the time, *The Man-in-the-Moon.* Mentioned in *The Tempest,* ii. 2.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
*King.* Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
*Ros.* Your absence only.
*King.* That can never be.
*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
*Ros.* In private, then.
*King.* I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar, — there is three.
*Biron.* Nay, then, two treys,[23] — an if you grow so nice, —
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey, — well run, dice! —
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog,[24] I'll play no more with you.
*Biron.* One word in secret.
*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.
*Biron.* Thou grievest my gall.
*Prin.* Gall! bitter.
*Biron.* Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Mar.* Name it.
*Dum.* Fair lady, —
*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord, —
Take that for your *fair lady.*
*Dum.* Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*

[23] *Treys* is *threes*, or *triplets*, referring to the three articles named.

[24] To *cog* dice was to *load* them, so as to *cheat* in the game; hence *cog* came to signify *deceive*, as here.

*Cath.* What, was your visard made without a tongue?
*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
*Cath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visard half.
*Cath.* Veal,[25] quoth the Dutchman: is not veal a calf?
*Long.* A calf, fair lady!
*Cath.* No, a fair lord calf.
*Long.* Let's part the word.
*Cath.* No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
*Cath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.
*Cath.* Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen, —
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
*Biron.* By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. —
[*Exeunt* KING, Lords, *and* Blackamoors.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

[25] *Veal* is probably meant in ridicule of the way foreigners pronounce *well.*—The same joke occurs in *The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll*, 1600: "*Doctor.* Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you *veale.* — *Hans.* What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?"

*Ros.* Well-liking[26] wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout![27]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
*Ros.* O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The King was weeping-ripe[28] for a good word.
*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.
*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
*No point,*[29] quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
*Cath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
*Prin.* Qualm,[30] perhaps.
*Cath.* Yes, in good faith.
*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!
*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[31]
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.
*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
*Cath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

[26] *Well-liking* is *in good condition* or *good keeping*. So in Job, xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in *good liking*."

[27] A passage hard to explain, and perhaps corrupt. If the text be right, the meaning probably is, a poor flout to be uttered by a king; referring to the King's lame retort at parting.

[28] *Weeping-ripe* is *ripe for weeping*, or *ready to weep*.

[29] Another pun on the French adverb of negation. See page 30, note 20.

[30] A quibble was probably intended between *qualm* and *calm*, which appear to have been sounded alike. Catharine was no doubt unmoved, or *calm*, at his lordship's love-making, and he called her so. We have a similar pun in *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4, where Hostess Quickly says of Doll Tearsheet, "Sick of a *calm;* yea, good faith;" and Falstaff replies, "So is all her sect; an they be once in a *calm*, they are sick."

[31] Meaning, probably, that better wits may be found among plain citizens. In 1571, a *statute* was passed, for the benefit of cap-makers, that all persons above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays, upon penalty of ten groats. Hence the phrase *statute-caps;* called *flat caps* in *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
*Prin.* Will they return?
*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours;[32] and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
*Boyet.* Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,[33] or roses blown.
*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROSALINE, CATHARINE, *and* MARIA.

*Re-enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the Princess?

[32] That is, change *looks* or *features;* which would be done either by unmasking or by exchanging the masks.

[33] To *vail* is to *lower*, to *throw down*, or to *let fall.*

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails,[34] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve, —
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too,[35] and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean [36] most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,

[34] *Wassails* is *festive meetings* or *drinking bouts;* from the Saxon *was hæl, be in health,* which was the form of drinking a health.

[35] *Carve,* as Mr. Joseph Hunter has pointed out, does not here mean any thing like what we understand by that term; but "some form of action which indicated the desire that the person to whom it was addressed should be attentive and propitious." And Mr. Grant White sustains this by an apt quotation from Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters:* "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at the top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving;* her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst." Here the "form of action," as Hunter terms it, was no doubt a sign of recognition made with the little finger, probably when the glass was raised to her mouth. See also *The Merry Wives,* i. 3.

[36] *Mean* was the name of one of the parts in music; a part something like our tenor. See vol. i., page 171, note 10.

To show his teeth as white as whalës-bone:[37]
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of *honey-tongued Boyet.*

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the* PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* CATHARINE.

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our Court: vouchsafe it, then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

[37] This was a standing comparison with the old poets, who seem to have thought that ivory, formerly made from the teeth of the walrus, was part of the bones of the whale.

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
*King.* How, madam! Russians!
*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
*Ros.* Madam, speak true. — It is not so, my lord:
My lady, — to the manner of the days,[38] —
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. — Fair gentle-sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,[39]
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye, —
*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.
*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
*Ros.* All the fool mine?
*Biron.* I cannot give you less.
*Ros.* Which of the visards was it that you wore?
*Biron.* Where? when? what visard? why demand you this?
*Ros.* There, then, that visard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

[38] "According to the fashion of the times," we should say.

[39] "When we *greet heaven's fiery eye*" is "when we *salute the Sun*, whose light then puts out the light in the eye."

*King*. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
*Dum*. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
*Prin*. Amazed, my lord? why looks your Highness sad?
*Ros*. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! — Why look you pale? —
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
*Biron*. Thus pour the stars down plagues [40] for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out? —
Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled [41] hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; — these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove — how white the hand, God knows! —

[40] In the days of astrology, all sorts of plagues were supposed to be shot down upon men from the stars and planets. So in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3: "Be as a *planetary plague*, when Jove will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison in the sick air." And Wordsworth, in his *Ruth*, has a like expression, though in a far different sense: "The stars had feelings, which they sent into those favour'd bowers."

[41] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. *Three-piled* velvet was velvet of the finest and costliest quality. — In *maggot*, third line below, a pun is implied on the two senses of the word, one of which, now obsolete, is *whimsical*, *capricious*, or *full of odd quirks and fancies*. The other sense is that of flies tainting dead flesh by *blowing* it full of maggots, or making it *fly-blown*, as we say.

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:[42]
And, to begin, wench, — so God help me, la! —
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
*Ros.* Sans *sans*,[43] I pray you.
*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*[44] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens[45] on you do I see.
*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
*Biron.* Our states[46] are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[47]
*Biron.* Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Biron.* Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
*Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even now, disguised?

[42] *Russet* and *kersey* were epithets of certain homespun cloths, such as were worn by plain common people. There is both humour and manliness in Biron's proposing to dress his wooing in such an honest, homely fashion.

[43] "Speak without French words," is the meaning.

[44] This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected, or *visited*, with the plague, to warn people away.

[45] *The Lord's tokens* was the term for those spots on the skin which marked the infection of the plague. Here used as the turning-point of a quibble.

[46] *State* and *estate* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

[47] Punning on the two senses of to *sue*, — to *proceed by law*, and to *petition*.

*King.* Madam, I was.
*Prin.* And were you well advised?
*King.* I was, fair madam.
*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.
*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
*King.* Upon mine honour, no.
*Prin.* Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not [48] to forswear.
*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
*Prin.* I will: and therefore keep it. — Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
*Ros.* By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
*King.* My faith and this the Princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear. —
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain. —
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

[48] You *care* not, *stick* not, *scruple* not. *Force* was often so used.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,[49]
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, —
That smiles his cheek in years,[50] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed, —
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, — in will and error.
Much upon this it is: — [*To* BOYET.] and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squire,[51]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;[52]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career,[53] been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done. —

*Enter* COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

[49] A *zany* is a *mimic*, *buffoon*, or *merryandrew*. The word, however, seems to have carried the further sense of futile and abortive mimicry, and thence to have drawn a special tinge of contempt.

[50] Meaning, most likely, "one who, by continual grinning, smiles his face *into wrinkles*." *In* was often used for *into*. We have a similar thought in *The Merchant*, i. 1: "With mirth and *laughter* let *old wrinkles* come."

[51] That is, by the *square* or *rule*. Boyet is supposed to be well studied in the whims and fancies of his royal mistress, so that, in proverbial phrase, he may be said to "have got the length of her foot."

[52] A privileged character, like the *allowed Fool*.

[53] Both *manage* and *career* were technical terms of the tilt-yard, signifying a *course* or a *running* in the lists.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us,[54] sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man, — e'en one poor man, — Pompion the Great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

[54] Costard's meaning is, "We are not fools." The old common law allowed a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man were legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the King to any subject. When this grant was asked for, such a person was said to be *begged for a fool.* The practice is often alluded to in old plays. See vol. i., page 91, note 6.

*King.* Birón, they will shame us: let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how;
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Lie in the fail of that which it presents:[55]
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses with the* KING, *and delivers him a paper.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speakes not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain, too-too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the

[55] Meaning, apparently, "where zeal strives to content, and the *contentment* lies in, or springs from, the very *failure* of that zeal which strives to furnish it." The Princess then goes on to emphasize the thought by varying the language: "The very confusion of forms, when great things are hugely laboured for, and the labour results in an abortive birth, yields mirth in the highest form or degree." The Poet elsewhere has *fail* for *failure;* and the plural, *contents*, is used in order to make a rhyme with *presents.* See Critical Notes.

pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at Novem,[56] and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter* COSTARD, *for Pompey.*

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*—

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.[57]

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,*—

Dum. *The Great.*

*Cost.* It is *Great*, sir:—*Pompey surnamed the Great;*
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*
*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,*
*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*—
If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

[56] *Novem* was a game at dice, played by five or six persons. Its proper name was *Novem quinque*, from the two principal throws being *five* and *nine.*—*Abate* is *except. Bating* is still used in the same way. There is a quibble between *nine*, the English equivalent of *novem*, and the *Nine* Worthies: "Except, or leave out, the Nine Worthies, and the world cannot pick out five such," &c.

[57] The knee-caps of old dresses and in plate-armour were often wrought into the figure of a *leopard's* head.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in *Great.*

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter Sir* NATHANIEL, *for Alexander.*

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;*
*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;*
*My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,* —

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.[58]

*Biron.* Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.[59]

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd. — Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,* —

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great, —

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* [*To Sir* NATH.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth[60] for this: your lion, that holds his pole-axe sitting on

[58] The joke here turns upon the point, that Alexander's head was set obliquely on his shoulders.

[59] Plutarch, North's translation, says of Alexander, "His body had so sweet a smell of itselfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed."

[60] Figures of the Nine Worthies and other famous persons, also representations of various Scripture themes, devices, mottoes, and proverbial sayings, used to be painted, or embroidered, upon the hangings of rooms. Shakespeare and other old writers have frequent allusions to these subjects of *painted cloth.*

a close-stool, will be given to Ajax:[61] he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Sir* NATH. *retires.*] —There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.[62]—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey. [COSTARD *retires.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *for Judas; and* MOTH, *for Hercules.*

Hol. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*
*Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed* canus;
*And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,*
*Thus did he strangle serpents in his* manus.
Quoniam *he seemeth in minority,*
Ergo *I come with this apology.*—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.— [MOTH *retires.*
*Judas I am,*—

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir.—
*Judas am I, ycliped Maccabæus.*

*Dum.* Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. *Judas am I,*—

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.

[61] Alluding to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent." The quibble between *Ajax* and *a jakes* was somewhat common.

[62] *O'erparted* is having too great a *part* or *character* assigned him in the performance they have undertaken.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern-head.[63]

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A Death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

*Dum.* The carved-bone face on a flask.[64]

*Biron.* Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.[65]

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. — And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False: we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-faced them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. —
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him: — Jud-as, away!

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited![66]

63 The *cittern*, a musical instrument like the guitar, usually had a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board. Hence these jests.

64 *Flask* was the name of a soldier's *powder-horn*.

65 A *brooch* was a *clasp* for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. Such clasps often had the faces of distinguished persons carved upon them.

66 *Baited* is, in general, *worried*, or *barked at*, as in *baiting* a bear; here it has the further sense of *fooled* or *made sport of*. — Walker says, "Pronounce *Maccabæus* with the *æ* broad, like the *ai* in *baited;* for no one who knows Shakespeare can doubt that a quibble is intended."

*Enter* ARMADO, *for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.[67]

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector's.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.[68]

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift,* —

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace! —

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*
*A man so breathed,*[69] *that certain he would fight ye*
*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*
*I am that flower,* —

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

[67] *Trojan* was a cant term, used sometimes in reproach, sometimes in commendation. — *In respect of* is *in comparison with.* Repeatedly so.

[68] That is, the *slender* part of the leg, in distinction from the *calf.* We still say "the *small* of the back." — *Indued* is probably meant in the Latin sense of *put on* or *dressed.* Perhaps Armado has heavy boots on his ankles.

[69] *Breathed* is *exercised.* So the verb *to breathe* was often used.

*Arm.* Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. — But I will forward with my device. — [*To the* PRINCESS.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *steps to* COSTARD, *whispers him, and then returns to his place.*

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,* —

*Cost.* [*Suddenly coming from behind.*] The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved. — More Atés, more Atés![70] stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

[70] More *instigation.* Até was the goddess of discord and mischief.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. — I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.[71]

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter* MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I'm sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

[71] Wearing woolen, instead of linen, next the skin was often imposed as a penance by father-confessors.

*Biron.* Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,[72] and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your Majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say. — I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal[73] opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. — Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme dart of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,[74] decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;[75]
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

72 "One may see day at a little hole" is an old proverb. Armado probably means it has at length "crept through his hair" that wrong has been done him.

73 *Liberal* is well explained in the next line; *over-bold* or *too free.*

74 *Loose* is used here as a term in archery, meaning the *discharge* of the *dart* or *arrow* from the bow. So the verb, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* ii. 1: "And *loosed* his love-shaft smartly from his bow." — *Extreme* is *last,* the Latin sense; and *extremely* in a different sense, for the sake of a verbal jingle.

75 *Convince* is *overcome* or *conquer.* Often used so.

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' opposèd end of our intents:[76]
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested[77] us to make them. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have received your letters full of love;

[76] "Th' opposèd end of our intents" means "the end just the opposite of that which we intended."

[77] To *tempt* is here, again, the meaning of to *suggest*. See page 11, note 17.

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,[78] and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love — as there is no such cause —
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat or blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;[79]
Then, at the expiration of the year,

[78] So in Dekker's *Satiromastix*: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old *linings* of jests." *Bombast* originally signified *cotton*, from the Latin *bombax*; and this article was commonly used for stuffing or wadding clothes. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, speaks of doublets being "stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of *bombast* at least."

[79] The final *last* must be a verb: "and *continue* love."

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

*Cath.* A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With threefold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Cath.* Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the King doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Cath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Birón,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates[80] will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please, —
Without the which I am not to be won, —
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
T' enforce the painèd impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* [*To the* KING.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

[80] *Estates*, here, is *ranks*. So, in England, the Sovereign, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Commons, were called the *Estates of the realm*.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me, —

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Re-enter* HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, — this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. — Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
*And lady-smocks all silver-white,*
*And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,*[81]
*Do paint the meadows with delight,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*

[81] Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c., are called "in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." *Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip*, which is probably the flower here meant.

*Mocks married men; for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,*
*And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,*
*When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,*
*And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men; for thus sings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,*
*Unpleasing to a married ear!*

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*
*And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*[82]
*And Tom bears logs into the hall,*
*And milk comes frozen home in pail,*
*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,*
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*Tu-who;*
*Tu-whit, tu-who, — a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*[83]

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
*And coughing drowns the parson's saw,*[84]

82 This phrase is well explained by a passage in one of South's Sermons: "So that the King, for any thing that he has to do in these matters, may sit and *blow his nails;* for use them otherwise he cannot."

83 To *keel*, or *kele*, is to *cool*. To *keel* the pot is to *cool* it by stirring the contents with a ladle.

84 *Saw* is, properly, *saying*, of which it is an old corruption, or abbreviation; here put for *discourse* or *sermon*. Sometimes it means *proverb* or *maxim*, as in the passage, "Full of wise *saws* and modern instances."

*And birds sit brooding in the snow,*
*And Marian's nose looks red and raw,*
*When roasted crabs*[85] *hiss in the bowl,*
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
*Tu-who;*
*Tu-whit, tu-who, — a merry note,*
*While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way, — we this way. [*Exeunt.*

[85] The *crab-apple*, which used to be roasted, and put hissing-hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast and spice and sugar. How much this was relished in old times, may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy.

# CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 6. *Subscribe to your deep* oath, *and keep* it *too.* — The old copies have "deep *oaths,* and keep *it* too." It seems clear that *oaths* should be *oath,* or *it* should be *them.* Singulars and plurals are very often misprinted each for the other. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 6. *To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;*
*With all* these *living in philosophy.* — Mr. P. A. Daniel would read "With all *three* living," &c.; *three* referring, of course, to *love, wealth,* and *pomp.* I suspect he is right. See, however, foot-note 3.

P. 7. *When I to* feast *expressly am forbid.* — *Fast* instead of *feast,* in the old copies. Hardly worth notice. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 8. *If study's gain be* this, *and this be so.* — "Study's gain be *thus,*" in the old copies. Corrected by Pope.

P. 8. *Small have continual plodders ever won,*
*Save* bare *authority, from others' books.*—The old copies, "Save *base* authority." Corrected by Walker.

P. 9. *Why should I joy in* an *abortive birth?*
*At Christmas I no more desire a rose*
*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled* earth;
*But like of each thing that in season grows.* — In the first of these lines the old copies have "in *any* abortive birth," to the laming of the metre. Corrected by Pope. As *any* occurs just above in the preceding line, it was probably repeated here by mistake. — At the end of the third line, where a rhyme is obviously needed to *birth,* the

old copies have *shows*. I agree with Dyce in adopting Theobald's reading, "new-fangled *earth*." Walker suggested *mirth*. See footnote 12.

P. 10. *A dangerous law,—against* gentility.— Collier's and Singer's second folios substitute *garrulity* for *gentility*, and are followed by Dyce. The change was proposed by Theobald in a letter to Warburton. But, as Mr. A. E. Brae observes, "the law is not against speaking, but against coming within the precincts." The speaker means that such a law is opposed to *good manners*, or *good-breeding*, as it certainly is.

P. 11. *But I believe, although I seem so loth,*
*I am the* one *that* last *will keep his oath.*—The old copies read "the *last* that will last keepe his oth." The substitution of *one* for *last* is Mr. P. A. Daniel's; who justly remarks that "Berowne is made to say exactly the contrary of that which he intends." The other change is Walker's; who says "Harmony seems to require 'that *last will* keep,' &c."

P. 11. *A man in all the world's new* fashions *planted.*—The old text has "new *fashion*."

P. 13. *A high hope for a low* having.—The old editions read "a low *heaven*." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 13. *To hear? or forbear laughing?*— So Capell. The old copies, "forbear *hearing*"; which will nowise cohere with the reply, "To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both." Lettsom proposed, and rightly, I suspect, "To hear, *and* forbear laughing?"

P. 14. *If he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but* so-so.—The old copies have "but *so*." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 14. King. [*Reads.*] *that shallow* vessel.—So Collier's second folio. The old text, "shallow *vassal*."

P. 14. *Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon,* with—*with, O, with,* &c.— So Theobald. Instead of the first *with*, the old copies have *which*.

Act I., Scene 2.

P. 20. *That country girl that I took in the park with the* rational *hind Costard.*— "Should perhaps be '*irrational* hind,'" says Dyce. For *perhaps* I would substitute *probably*. Hanmer reads *irrational.*

P. 21. Dull. *Come, Jaquenetta, away!*—The old copies assign this speech to Costard. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 22. *I am more bound to you than your* followers.— So Capell. The old copies have *fellowes* instead of *followers.*

P. 23. *Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn* sonnetist.— The old text reads "shall turne *sonnet.*" The correction is Dyce's; who quotes from Bishop Hall's *Satires:* "And is become a new-found *sonnetist.*"

Act II., Scene 1.

P. 24. *In spending your wit in the praise of mine.*—The second folio reads "spending *thus* your wit in praise of mine." Rightly, perhaps.

P. 24. *Therefore to* us seems *it a needful course.*—The old copies read "Therefore *to's seemeth* it." Such contractions as *to's* for *to us* are indeed frequent in Shakespeare; but I submit that here it strains rather too hard against the idiomatic rights of the language. Some editors print "to *us seem'th* it."

P. 25. 1 Lord. Lord *Longaville is one.*—So, says Dyce, "in all probability, it should be." The old copies omit the title, *Lord.* The metre fairly requires it; and in cases of the same word thus occurring twice in immediate succession, one is very apt to escape in the printing or transcribing. Capell supplied *Lord.*

P. 25. *Well fitted in* the *arts, glorious in arms.*— So the second folio; the other old copies, "fitted in arts," thus leaving a bad gap in the metre.

P. 27. *'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,*
Not *sin to break it.* — So Hanmer, with evident propriety; the old copies, "*And* sinne to breake it."

P. 30. *The heir of Alençon,* Catharine *her name.* — Here the old copies have *Rosaline* instead of *Catharine;* and, a little further on, in "*Rosaline,* by good hap," they have *Catharine* instead of *Rosaline.* As Dyce remarks, "from what has preceded and from what afterwards takes place, it is plain that in the present speech *Catharine* should be substituted for *Rosaline,* and in Boyet's speech *Rosaline* for *Catharine.*" We are indebted to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* for the latter correction: the other was proposed by Capell.

## ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 34. *Humour it with turning up your* eyes. — Instead of *eyes,* the quarto has *eyelids,* the folio, *eie.* People, I believe, are never said to turn up their eyelids; nor can they well turn up one eye without turning up both, provided they have two. Dyce reads *eyes.*

P. 35. *And make them men of note — do you note* me? — The old copies read "do you note *men?*" Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 37. *No egma, no riddle, no* l'envoy; *no salve in* thy mail, *sir:* &c. — The old text has "in *thee male.*" Tyrwhitt proposed to read *them all* instead of *thee male,* and has been followed by several editors. But the change, I think, rather augments than relieves the obscurity of the passage. The reading in the text was proposed by Mr. A. E. Brae. See foot-note 13.

P. 38. *And stay'd the odds by* making *four.* — In this line, and also in the repetition of it a little after, the old copies have "by *adding* four"; which, it seems to me, is greater looseness of language than Moth could be guilty of. The correction is from Collier's second folio.

P. 39. Marry, *Costard, I will enfranchise thee.*
Cost. *O, marry me to one Frances.* — The old text reads "*Sirrah* Costard." This seems to take all the point and pertinency out of Costard's reply. The correction is made in Knight's *Stratford Shakespeare.*

P. 39. *And now you will be my purgation, and* set *me loose.*
Arm. *I give thee thy liberty,* let *thee from durance.* — In these two speeches, the old text has the words *set* and *let* transposed. Walker proposed "set thee *free* from durance," and so Dyce prints. But I prefer the simple transposition proposed by Mr. A. E. Brae.

P. 39. *O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!* — In the old text, this and the six following lines are printed at the close of the first scene in Act iv., just after the line, "Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!" Dyce, I believe, was the first to perceive the misplacement of the lines, and Staunton the first to point out where they ought to be. The former observes, "What Costard here says of Armado seems strangely out of place." Staunton notes upon the matter as follows: "The reference to Armado and the Page is so utterly irrelevant to any thing in the scene, that every one must be struck with its incongruity. I have more than a suspicion that the whole passage, from 'O' my troth, most sweet jests!' or, at least, from 'Armador o' the one side,' down to, 'Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathetical nit,' belongs to the previous Act, and in the original manuscript followed Costard's panegyric on the Page, — 'My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!' It is evidently out of place in the present scene, and quite appropriate in the one indicated." All this is so clearly just, that I have ventured to make the transfer accordingly; for it seems to me that a thing so palpably wrong cannot be set right too soon. — I must note, further, that the fifth of the lines in question, "To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear," has none to rhyme with it. Dyce thinks that a line which rhymed with it "is no doubt wanting." But, as that line is rather in the way than otherwise, it seems more likely to have been an interpolation, or one which the Poet eliminated in the revisal of the play, but which the transcriber or printer retained through mistake. Something of the sort evidently took place in the last scene of the play. See note on page 122.

P. 42. *What,* what! *I love! I sue! I seek a wife!* — The second *what* is wanting in the old text; but has been inserted, and, I think, justly, for the metre. See note on "*Lord* Longaville," page 115.

P. 42. *A* wightly *wanton with a velvet brow.* — So the Cambridge Editors. The old text has "A *whitely* wanton," which has put several

editors and commentators to a deal of exercise in conjecture and explanation. But *whitely* appears to be only another way of spelling the old word *wightly*, the sense of which just fits the place. See foot-note 31.

P. 42. *Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue,* and *groan.* — So the second folio: the other old copies lack *and* before *groan.* Such a breach in the metre cannot be right there, clearly.

Act iv., Scene i.

P. 45. *King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Penelophon. — The old copies have *Zenelophon.* But *Penelophon,* as Dyce notes, is the name of the fortunate beggar in the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid* as given by Bishop Percy.

P. 45. *Which to* anatomize *in the vulgar,* &c. — So the second folio. The other old copies have *annothanize,* which some have taken as an Armadoism for *annotate.* But it seems more likely to be a misprint for *annothamize,* one of the old ways of spelling *anatomize.* The meaning of *anatomize* just fits the context. See foot-note 6.

Act iv., Scene 2.

P. 49. *The deer was, as you know, in* sanguis, — *blood.* — The old copies have "sanguis in blood." But Holofernes was evidently meant to talk as one who, though a pedant, is not wanting in scholarship. So there needs no scruple about putting the words in the right order. Again, a little after, the old copies have *cœlo* instead of *cœlum.* Corrected by Capell.

P. 50. *Which we* of *taste and feeling are.* — The word *of* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Tyrwhitt.

P. 50. *To* set *him in a school.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *see* instead of *set.* The latter makes good the quibble evidently intended.

P. 50. Dictynna, *goodman Dull;* Dictynna. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *Dictisima* here, and *Dictima* in the next speech. The Poet had doubtless read Ovid enough to know that *Dictynna* was one of the names of Diana.

P. 51. *And, to humour the ignorant,* I will call *the deer the Princess killed a pricket.* — The old copies read "the ignorant *call'd* the Deare." Rowe printed *I have call'd,* and has been generally followed. Singer prints *I will call,* which accords better with the context.

P. 52. Hol. *This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;* &c. — The old copies have the prefix "*Nath.*" to this speech, and "*Hol.*" to the following speech of the Curate. The prefixes indeed are there strangely disordered throughout this scene. To note all the cases in detail would be a mere waste of labour.

P. 52. Hol. *Piercing a hogshead!* — So the Cambridge Editors. The old editions read "*Of* persing," &c. Probably, as the correctors remark, the speech had "*Holof.*" prefixed to it, and the last syllable of the prefix got printed as a part of the text. In like manner we have several of Biron's speeches beginning with *O,* where the *O* is clearly out of place, and probably slipped into the text from the prefix "*Bero.*" In the present case, however, Dyce seems to refute the Cambridge Editors by noting that the speech has "*Nath.*" prefixed to it. It has so; but the speech clearly belongs to Holofernes, and so Dyce himself prints it. The great confusion of prefixes in this play was most likely the work of a transcriber, who in this instance may have sophisticated "*Hol.*" into "Nath." and retained *of* as remarked before. At all events *Of* is only in the way, and evidently has no business there.

P. 54. *That sings* the *Heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.* — The old text reads "That sings Heavens' praise." "Obviously wrong," says Walker: "Read, as in *The Passionate Pilgrim,* 'That sings *the* Heavens' praise.'" The *Passionate Pilgrim,* one of Shakespeare's poems, originally included this sonnet, and also two others from this play, — "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," and "On a day — alack the day."

P. 54. Hol. *But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?*
Jaq. *Ay, sir.*
Nath. *'Tis from Monsieur Biron* to *one of the strange Queen's* ladies.
Hol. *I will overglance the superscript.* — The old text runs the second and third of these speeches into one, and assigns the whole to Jaquenetta, printing it thus: "I sir from one mounsier Berown, one

of the strange Queenes Lords." This makes a perfect muddle of the passage, and has fairly defied explanation. The reading and arrangement in the text are Mr. P. A. Daniel's, and set things right all round. The changes are indeed pretty bold, but I see no way to escape them except by printing stark nonsense. Mr. Daniel notes as follows: "Sir Nathaniel had already overread the letter, and knew by whom it was written, and to whom directed. Holofernes has now the letter in his hand. We must suppose that Jaquenetta and Costard do not hear, or do not understand, the conversation between the Parson and Pedagogue; for when, in the next scene, they present the letter to the King, they still suppose it to be Don Armado's. — '*To* one of the strange Queen's *ladies*' is an alteration of Theobald's, who, however, leaves the speech to Jaquenetta."

## Act iv., Scene 3.

P. 57. *O Queen of queens! how far* thou dost *excel,*
*No thought can think,* &c. — "How far *dost thou* excel," in the old copies. Another of the sense-defeating inversions. Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 58. *Disfigure not his* slop. — Instead of *slop,* the old text has *shop,* which quite defeats the passage of sense. The correction was proposed by Theobald, and has been largely approved. I am not sure but *shape* were a better reading; Collier's correction.

P. 59. *By earth, she is* but *corporal: there you lie.* — Old copies, "she is *not* corporal"; which flatly contradicts the sense required by the place. The misprint of *not* for *but* is one of the commonest. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 59. Dum. *As upright as the cedar.*
Biron. [Aside.] Stoops, *I say.* — Instead of *Stoops* the old copies have *Stoope.* Corrected by Jervis. Strange it should have waited so long.

P. 60. *Thou for whom* great *Jove would swear*
*Juno but an Ethiop were.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies lack *great,* thus defeating the flow of the verse. Pope supplied *e'en,* and has been followed by some editors.

P. 61. *That shall express my true love's* lasting *pain.* — So Capell, and Collier's and Singer's second folios. The old copies have "*fasting* pain."

P. 61. *Come, sir,* your *blush: as his your case is such.* — The old copies, "Come, sir, *you* blush." Corrected by Walker. The change is slight in form, but important in sense.

P. 61. One's *hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.* — The quarto reads "*One her* haires," the folio, "*On her* haires." The common reading is "*One, her* hairs were gold," &c. The correction is Walker's; whose editor, Lettsom, notes, "The modern received reading has two unfortunate defects: it is against sense and metre. Walker's conjecture satisfies both."

P. 61. *What will Birón say when that he shall hear*
Of *faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?* — The quarto and first folio lack *Of* at the beginning of the second line, printing "Faith infringed," which leaves both sense and metre defective; the second folio reads "*A faith* infringed," which does not better the sense. The correction in the text is Walker's, and was proposed by Jervis independently.

P. 62. *O me, with what strict patience have I sat,*
*To see a King transformèd to a* gnat. — I do not well understand the sense or application of *gnat* here. It has been proposed to substitute *knot* and *quat;* but either of these would leave me still more in the dark. See foot-note 16.

P. 63. *Not you* to *me, but I betray'd* by *you.* — The words *to* and *by* are transposed in the old text. The correction is Mason's, and is required by the context.

P. 63. *I am betray'd, by keeping company*
*With men like* you, *men of inconstancy.* — The old copies read "With men, like men of inconstancy"; which is admitted on all hands to be wrong. Mason proposed, ingeniously at least, "With *moon-like* men, of *strange* inconstancy"; which has been adopted by some. The reading in the text is Walker's. Lettsom, his editor, aptly suggests "men *all* inconstancy"; "men *of* inconstancy" being a phrase too weak for the place.

P. 63. *When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?*
*Or groan for* love? — So Collier, from a copy of the quarto in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The other old copies, so far as known, have *Ione* and *Ioane* instead of love. Of course the change must have been made while the sheets were passing through the press.

P. 64. *He, he, and you,* — even *you, my liege,— and I,*
*Are pick-purses in love.* — The old copies have *and* instead of *even.* The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 65. *Young blood doth* but *obey an old decree.* — The old copies read "doth *not* obey." Corrected by Collier; whose second folio has "doth *yet* obey," which is not so good. See note on "she is but corporal," page 120.

P. 66. *Black is the badge of Hell,*
*The hue of dungeons, and the* shade *of night.* — So Collier's second folio; the old copies, "and the *Schoole* of night." Several other words have been printed or proposed instead of *school,* such as *stole, scowl, shroud, soil,* and *suit.*

P. 66. *O, if in black my lady's* brow *be deckt,*
*It mourns that painting* and *usurping hair*
*Should ravish doters,* &c. — Instead of *brow,* the old copies have *browes.* The change is fairly required by *It* in the next line, which must refer to *brow.* In the second line, *and* was wanting till the second folio, which has *an.*

P. 67. *Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.* — So the second folio; the other old copies, "*O* nothing so sure." Walker notes upon the passage, — "The *O* is a well-known intruder, and several lines in the neighbourhood begin with it." The Cambridge Editors note that in this place and many others the superfluous *O* appears to have crept into the text from the last letter of the prefix "*Bero.*" A very sagacious conjecture; and it is quite remarkable how many of Biron's speeches begin with that redundancy in the old copies.

P. 67. *Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.* — In the old copies, this long speech of Biron presents a remarkable instance of the disorder which I have before noted as marking the text of this play.

It is among the very best things in the piece ; and nothing else bears clearer tokens of the Poet's later and riper hand : yet it is disfigured with some absurd and embarrassing repetitions, which no doubt resulted from the new matter being confounded with the old. I concur with Dyce in giving the speech as it was dressed into order by Capell, and as Dyce says "it assuredly ought to be given by every editor." It seems but right, however, to add in this place the passages omitted. After the line, "Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look," we have these :

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the Ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face ;
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.

Again, after the line, "And study too, the causer of your vow," we have the following :

For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye :
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is :
And when ourselves we see in Ladies eyes
With our selves
Doe we not likewise see our learning there ?
O we have made a vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes.

P. 68. *Why, universal plodding* prisons *up*
*The nimble spirits in the arteries.* — The old copies have "*poysons* up." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 68. *Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes*
*Of* beauteous *tutors have enrich'd you with.* — So Hanmer. Instead of *beauteous*, the old copies have *beautis* and *beauties.*

P. 69. *And plant in tyrants mild* humanity. — So Walker and Collier's second folio ; the old copies, *humilitie* instead of *humanity.*

P. 69. *Or for love's sake, a word that* loves *all men ;*
*Or for men's sake, the* authors *of these women.* — In the second of these lines, the old editions have *author* for *authors ;* an error which the context readily corrects. Corrected by Capell. In the first line,

for "that *loves* all men," Hanmer reads "that *moves* all men"; and Heath proposes "that *joys* all men." Perhaps one of these ought to be adopted. See, however, foot-note 35.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 72. *It insinuateth* one *of* insanire; ne intelligis, domine? *to* wax *frantic, lunatic.* — The old copies read "it insinuateth *me* of *infamie.*" The correction of *me* to *one* is from Collier's second folio. Both Walker and Dyce, independently, hit upon *insanire* as a correction of *infamie.* The old copies have *make* instead of *wax*, which is Dyce's happy correction.

P. 72. *Nath.* Laus Deo, *bene* intelligo.
*Hol.* Bon,—bon, fort bon, Priscian! *a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.* — Instead of "Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian!" the old editions have "Bome boon for prescian." I adopt the reading and punctuation of the Cambridge Editors, who note upon the passage as follows: "Holofernes patronizingly calls Sir Nathaniel 'Priscian,' but, pedagogue-like, will not admit his perfect accuracy. 'A little scratch'd' is a phrase familiar to the schoolmaster, from his daily task of correcting his pupils' *latines.*"

P. 73. *The* third *of five vowels.* —The old editions have *last* instead of *third.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 73. *Do you not educate youth at the* Chartreuse *on the top of the mountain?* — Instead of *Chartreuse*, the old copies have *Charg-house*, which none of the editors have been able to explain, though Steevens supposed it to mean *free-school.* Why a *free*-school should be called a *charge*-house, is not very apparent. Collier's second folio has "*large* house," which seems to me a very lame conjecture. Theobald conjectured "*Church*-house," which is much better, but still unsatisfactory. I was at one time disposed to think that *grange-house* might be the right word; but it occurred to me that *grange*, though used repeatedly by old writers, was never found in that combination; which is to me a fatal objection. Capell, in his *Glossary*, referring to the passage in the text, has the following: "CHARGE-HOUSE, a corruption of *Charter-house*, and that of *Chartreuse*, a Convent of Monks, call'd Carthusians." Quite independently of Capell, and without any knowledge of the fore-

cited extract, Mr. Joseph Crosby, of Zanesville, Ohio, conjectured the same reading. I subjoin a part of his letter to me on the subject: "It occurred to me that there was in London a '*Charter-house*,' a sort of large charity-school or foundation. Now *Charter-house*, or, correctly, *Chartreuse*, is not so far from *Charg-house* as to make the one unlikely to be a corruption of the other. This set me to investigating all about this 'Charter-house'; and I feel almost like saying *eureka;* at least this solution appears to me preferable to any I have yet discovered. 'The Charter-house' in London was originally a Carthusian monastery, founded in 1371. The name is a corruption of *Chartreuse*, from 'La grande Chartreuse, chief of the monasteries of the Carthusian order, situated among the *rugged mountains* near Grenoble, in France.' I quote from Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 1869." Mr. Crosby then justly argues that, from the old Chartreuse in London, the name could not but be familiar to Shakespeare; and that Navarre, the scene of this play, "was not so far from Grenoble in France but that La grande Chartreuse, on the top of the rugged mountains there, might be well enough known to all the parties."

P. 74. *I do assure ye*, my *very good friend.* — The old copies omit *my.* Inserted by Rowe.

P. 74. *Good at such eruptions and sudden* breakings-*out of mirth.* — The old editions have "*breaking* out." Corrected by Capell.

P. 75. *Sir* Nathaniel, *as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our* assistance, at *the King's command*, &c. — Instead of *Nathaniel*, the old editions have *Holofernes.* As Holofernes is speaking, it is evident that the wrong name slipped in. Corrected by Capell. — The originals also omit *at* before "the King's command," supplied in the second folio. They also have *assistants* for *assistance*, which is Heath's correction.

P. 75. *I say none so fit to* present as *the Nine Worthies.* — The old editions read "none so fit *as* to *present*," &c.

P. 75. *Joshua, yourself; myself* or *this gallant gentleman Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass* for *Pompey the Great.* — The old copies read "myself *and* this gallant gentleman"; also, "shall pass Pompey." Both of the corrections are Capell's.

P. 75. *I beseech you,* fellow. — Instead of *fellow,* the old text has *follow,* which seems quite out of place. The correction is Mr. A. E. Brae's.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 76. *Look you what I have from the loving King,—*
*A lady wall'd about with diamonds!* — The old editions have these two lines transposed; which makes the passage unintelligible. Corrected by Walker.

P. 77. *Great reason; for,* Past *cure* is still past *care.* — The old copies have *cure* and *care* transposed. Thirlby's correction.

P. 78. *'Ware pencils,* ho! *let me not die your debtor.* — So Hanmer. The old editions read "Ware pensals. *How?* Let me not die," &c. The misprint of *how?* for *ho!* occurs repeatedly.

P. 78. Cath. *A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!* — The old copies prefix "*Prin.*" to this line; they also read "and *I* beshrew." The latter correction is Capell's. Lettsom observes that "in twenty-nine out of thirty examples, in Shakespeare, *beshrew* is a mere exclamatory imprecation." And he justly adds, "It seems against natural grammar to connect with the copula an imprecation and an affirmation." Theobald made the correction.

P. 78. *But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?* — So Walker. The old copies read "But, *Katharine,* what was sent," &c.; where the name is useless to the sense, and spoils the metre.

P. 79. *And shape his service wholly to my* hests,
*And make him proud to make me proud that jests.* — So Walker. The quarto and first folio have "wholly to my *device*"; the second folio, "*all* to my *behests.*" White and Singer print "*wholly* to my *behests*"; thus taking just enough from the second folio to untune the metre. Dyce prints as in the text.

P. 79. *So* portent-*like would I o'ersway his state.* — The old editions have "*perttaunt* like" and "*pertaunt* like," out of which nothing can be made. Hanmer printed "*portent*-like," and Collier's second folio has *potently.* "*Potent*-like" was proposed by Singer, and is strongly approved by Walker.

P. 79. *The blood of youth burns not to such excess*
*As gravity's revolt to* wantonness. — So the second folio; the other old copies, "to *wantons be*."

P. 81. *And every one his* love-suit *will advance.* — So Walker, and Collier's second folio. The old copies have *Love-feat.*

P. 82. Boyet. *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.* — The old copies give this speech to Biron. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 84. King. *Yet still she is the Moon, and I the man.*
*The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.*
Ros. *Our ears vouchsafe it.* — The old editions run the second of these lines in with the third, and assign the two to Rosaline. Corrected by Theobald. This play abounds in misplaced prefixes.

P. 87. O, *they were all in lamentable cases!* — So the second folio; the other old copies lacking *O.*

P. 88. *Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er* the *land.* — The old copies omit *the*, till the third folio. The same correction is made in Singer's second folio.

P. 90. *See where it comes! — Behaviour, what wert thou*
*Till this* man *show'd thee? and what art thou now?* — The old copies read "Till this *madman* show'd thee." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 91. *This jest is dry to me.* — Fair *gentle-sweet,*
*Your wit makes wise things foolish.* — So the second folio; the other old copies wanting *Fair.* Malone printed "*My* gentle sweet," which I am apt to think the better reading.

P. 92. *Three-piled hyperboles, spruce* affectation. — The old copies have *affection*, which modern editions generally change to *affectation.* As the word was clearly meant to rhyme with *ostentation* in the second line after, there need be no scruple about the change; though *affection* was often used with the sense of *affectation.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 95. *That smiles his cheek in* years. — So the old copies. Theobold changed *years* to *jeers*, and is followed by Singer. I suspect *jeers* is right. See, however, foot-note 50.

P. 95. *Full merrily*
*Hath this brave* manage, *this career, been run.* — Instead of *manage*, the old copies have *manager*, which suits neither sense nor verse. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 96. *I am, as they say, but to* pursent *one man,* — e'en *one poor man.* — The old copies read "to *perfect* one man *in* one poor man." Walker proposed *pursent;* the other correction is Malone's.

P. 97. *Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*
Lie *in the* fail *of that which it presents.* — The old copies read "*Dies* in the *zeale* of that," &c. The reading in the text is Singer's. I think it brings sense at least out of the passage; which is more than I can say of the various other changes that have been made or proposed. See foot-note 55.

P. 102. *A man so breathed, that certain he would* fight ye
*From morn till night.* — The old copies have "would fight: yea," &c. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 105. *Farewell, worthy lord!*
*A heavy heart bears not a* nimble *tongue:*
*Excuse me so, coming* too *short of thanks*
*For my great suit so easily obtain'd.* — The old copies read "bears not a *humble* tongue." Corrected by Theobald and in Collier's second folio. The folio has "coming *so* short of thanks"; the quarto, as in the text. The meaning is the same either way; but the folio reading rather overloads the passage with *so's.*

P. 105. *The extreme* dart *of time extremely forms*
*All causes to the purpose of his speed.* — The old copies have "The extreme *parts* of time extremely *formes,*" &c. Dyce changes *parts* to *part;* Singer, to *haste*, which is a great improvement on *part;* but it seems to me that neither of them coheres very well with the image of an *arrow*, which is evidently intended. The correction of *parts* to *dart* is Staunton's, which makes the whole passage coherent. See foot-note 74.

P. 106. *I understand you not: my griefs are* dull. — So Collier's second folio; the old copies, "my griefs are *double.*"

P. 106. *Full of* strange *shapes, of habits, and of forms.* — The old copies have "Full of *straying* shapes," — an erratum hardly calling for notice. Corrected by Capell.

P. 106. *Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,*
*Suggested us to make* them. — Here *them* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope, and needful alike to sense and metre.

P. 107. — *But more devout than this* in *our respects*
*Have we not been.* — The old copies are without *in*, the folio having *are* instead. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 107. *Then, at the expiration of the year,*
*Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.* — The old copies repeat *me*, — "Come challenge *me*, challenge *me*."

P. 108. *Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.* — After this line, again, the old copies have a passage which is repeated and amplified into much better shape a little further on. See the long note on page 122. I subjoin the omitted lines :

> *Ber.* And what to me, my Love, and what to me ?
> *Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank.
> You are attaint with faults and perjurie :
> Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
> A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
> And seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

P. 108. Dum. *But what to me, my love? but what to me?*
*A wife?*
Cath. *A beard, fair health, and honesty.* — So Dyce and the Cambridge Editors. The old copies make *A wife?* the beginning of Catharine's speech.

P. 109. *Will hear your idle scorns, continue* them. — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *then* instead of *them.*

P. 110. *And lady-smocks all silver-white,*
*And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.* — The old copies have these two lines transposed. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 111. *Then nightly sings the staring owl,*
Tu-who. — So Capell. The old editions omit *Tu-who* both here and in the corresponding part of the next stanza.

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOT mentioned by Meres in 1598, though undoubtedly written before that time; nor ever printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623. The date of the writing has not been definitively settled, nor is it likely to be. Malone gave it as his final judgment that this play was one of the Poet's "very early productions, and near, in point of time, to *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labours Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*." This judgment has not, I think, been successfully impugned since Malone's day.

Another play, called *The Taming of* a *Shrew*, was first printed in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. In the title-page of 1594 we have the words, "As it was sundry times acted by the right-honourable the Earl of Pembroke's Servants." This play and Shakespeare's agree in having substantially the same plot, order, and incidents, so far as regards the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Catharine, and the whole taming process. The scene of the former is at Athens, of the latter at Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning. In *The Taming of* a *Shrew*, Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son to the Duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew that nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger two till the elder is disposed of. Presently Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the Tailor and Haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behaviour, all follow

in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives; and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wifely submission. — The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both plays, save that, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the performance; and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in *The Taming of the Shrew* this part is not carried beyond the first Act.

It is commonly supposed that Shakespeare's play was written later than the other, and founded upon it; and in what follows I shall take for granted that such was the case, though it does not seem to me to have been proved. It is certain, indeed, that one of the plays must have been in a great measure borrowed from the other; but I think no slight argument might be made for reversing the alleged order. The common opinion, however, being admitted to be right, the close similarity of title, matter, and interest shows that the Poet had no thought of disguising his obligations: rather it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the other play to the advantage of his own company. Nevertheless, except in a very few lines and phrases adopted or imitated, the dialogue, language, and poetry of Shakespeare's play are, for the most part, of quite a different race from those of the other: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more distinct and determinate individuality; and the texture and style of the workmanship lift it immeasurably above its model. Still the other play must be owned to have considerable merit; probably few English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the

style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity or vapid commonplace.

It is uncertain when or by whom *The Taming of* a *Shrew* was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592. The weight of probability bears strongly in favour of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the *Orlando Furioso*, which was undoubtedly the work of Greene. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publishers; and both are called *Histories*. Knight, after stating this point, adds the following: "It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the laboured finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy."

This view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in *The Taming of* a *Shrew* that were evidently copied from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this, Dyce gives his verdict as follows: "I find enough in *The Taming of* a *Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his plagiarisms from Marlowe; recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts."

Marlowe died June 1, 1593. Of his *Faustus* the earliest known edition was in 1604. All the notices we have of it seem to infer that it had not been printed in 1594, when *The Taming of* a *Shrew* first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of *Faustus*. As this was probably written as early as 1589, there appears no reason but that the forecited plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before *The Taming of* a *Shrew* came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely

to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist, Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards the matter in hand, is, that Shakespeare's play *may have been* written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may fairly presume *The Taming of* the *Shrew* to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." A part of the passage is quoted in vol. i., page 25, of this edition; but I must here quote it more fully. He is exhorting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays":

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands admitted. And the general opinion is, that the *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth* are the plays in which Shakespeare more especially drew upon the labours of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner as *The Taming of* a *Shrew*. It may indeed be urged that Greene is referring to the *Shake-scene* only as an actor, not as a writer, of plays: but the *Johannes Fac-totum* clearly points him out as a *do-all*, one who could turn his hand to any thing, and could beat the others in whatever he undertook. And the "*Tiger's heart wrapt in a* player's *hide*" evidently refers to a line in 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 4: "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" thus apparently pointing at the *Shake-scene*

as a writer of plays. All this, to be sure, does not conclude but that the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI.* may have been among the writings alluded to; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own: but the forecited passage certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded.

I have already observed how Shakespeare's play varies from the other in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to *The Supposes*, a play translated from Ariosto's *I Suppositi* by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's-Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learnt how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.

As regards the material of Shakespeare's Induction, all of this that anybody but himself could have written is to be found in *The Taming of* a *Shrew*. But the main features of this were by no means original in either of the plays: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it has not travelled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and was perhaps born there, as the earliest known traces of it are met with in *The Sleeper Awakened*, one of the tales contained in *The Arabian Nights*. But the most available version of it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards:

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, taking a walk one night after Supper with some friends, found an artisan lying drunk and fast asleep on the stones. He causes the sleeper to be carried into his palace, and laid in one of the richest beds; a rich nightcap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland put on. When the artisan awakes, there come about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many obeisances, and ask him if he will rise, and what apparel he will put on. Amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, he lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen, who salute him with all honour, and conduct him to the church, where he is treated with the same marks of respect as are wont to be be-

stowed upon the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the Court. This done, he is taken out to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet, with store of Ipocras and choice wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, regretting that he did not keep it up till the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. I think otherwise decidedly, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than furthered by any coming-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. But the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for, the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much.

It is now as good as settled that large portions of this play, amounting to considerably more than half of the whole, were not written by Shakespeare. External evidence to the point we have none; but the internal marks of style, dramatic structure, and characterization, draw irresistibly to that conclusion. Accordingly Farmer, Hallam, and other good critics have, on the strength of this evidence, confidently ruled those portions off from Shakespeare. And the Rev. Frederick G. Fleay, in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1876, after making a very minute and careful analysis of the metrical and other peculiarities which mark the parts in question, concludes as follows: "All the above peculiarities disappear in certain portions of the play, notably in the last scenes of the fourth and fifth Acts, and in portions of

previous scenes, for example, of iv. 4; ii. 1. But these parts of the play are those in which Catharine and Petruchio are on the stage together: they are just the parts which any critical reader would pick out as far superior to the rest; they are, in fact, the salt of the whole."

Mr. Fleay also finds 2671 lines in the play, and ascribes only 1064 of these to Shakespeare, thus leaving 1607 to the other author or authors. The particular portions which he marks off to Shakespeare are as follows: Act ii., scene 1, the line, "I pray you do: I will attend her here," and what comes after down to the line, "I am your neighbour, and was suitor first"; 158 lines. Also iii. 2, down to the *exit* of Baptista, and again from "*Enter* GREMIO" to "*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO." Also iv. 1, 2, 4, and 6. Also v. 2.

I find no reason for dissenting materially from Mr. Fleay's distribution of the matter; and leave the subject with a judicious passage from Mr. Grant White:

"A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved, or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colabourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Catharina and Petruchio and Grumio are prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| A LORD.<br>CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.<br>Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. | Persons in the Induction. | GREMIO,<br>HORTENSIO, | Suitors to Bianca. |
| | | TRANIO,<br>BIONDELLO, | Servants to Lucentio. |
| | | GRUMIO,<br>CURTIS, &c., | Servants to Petruchio. |
| | | Pedant. | |
| BAPTISTA, a Gentleman of Padua.<br>VINCENTIO, a Merchant of Pisa.<br>LUCENTIO, Son of Vincentio.<br>PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona. | | CATHARINA,<br>BIANCA, | Daughters to Baptista. |
| | | Widow. | |

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

## INDUCTION.

### SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter* Hostess *and* SLY.

*Sly.* I'll pheeze[1] you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

[1] In Jonson's *Alchemist*, we have "Come, will you quarrel? I will *feize* you, sirrah." In a note upon this, Gifford, a West-of-England man, says that in that part of the country the word *pheeze* means "to *beat*, *chastise*, or *humble*." Staunton says "it was equivalent exactly to our figurative saying, *I'll tickle you*, and had a meaning, amorous or villainous, according to the circumstances under which it was uttered." Shakespeare has the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "An he be proud with me, I'll *pheeze* his pride."

*Sly.* You're a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;*[2] let the world slide: *sessa!*[3]

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[4]

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy,[5]—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[6]

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.[7] [*Exit.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.[8] [*Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.*

[2] *Paucas pallabris* is a corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras*, which means *few words.*

[3] "*Sessa*, or *cessa*, be quiet," says Staunton, was probably another scrap from Sly's Spanish vocabulary." According to Nares, it is from the French *cessez*, and means about the same as the Latin *cessa, have done.*—"Let the world slide" is an old proverbial saying.

[4] The Poet has *burst* repeatedly for *break*. The two were used synonymously in his time.

[5] Sly, in his alement, seems to have got things somewhat mixed, and it is not very easy to trace out his allusions. Thomas Kyd's play, *The Spanish Tragedy*, became a sort of by-word. It has the line, "Not I:—Hieronimo, beware; *go by, go by*"; and the phrase *go by, Hieronimo*, is often quoted and sneered at by the wits of Shakespeare's time. From them our tinker seems to have caught the trick, at the same time confounding *Jeronimo* with *Saint Jerome*. Such appears the most likely explanation of the passage.

[6] "Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee," seems to have been another proverbial saying. It occurs again in *King Lear*, iii. 4. It means "Go to thy bed cold, and warm thee."

[7] Ritson, a lawyer, says "The office of *third-borough* is the same with that of *constable* except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant."

[8] *Kindly* seems to be used here very much as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4: "Thou hast most *kindly* hit it;" that is, *aptly*, or *pertinently*. This use of the word is rare; but Staunton quotes an apposite instance from Middleton's *Mayor of Queenborough*, iii. 3: Hengist having cut the hide into thongs, Vortigern tells him his castle shall be called *Thong* Castle, and he replies, "there your grace quites me *kindly*."

*Horns winded. Enter a* Lord *from hunting, with* Huntsmen *and* Servants.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Bathe Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;[9]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.[10]
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?[11]
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*1 Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,[12]

[9] The word *embossed* was much used of any *swelling* or diseased protuberance; the *boss* being the protuberant or bulging part of a shield. So Shakespeare applies the term to Falstaff on account of his plumpness; and he has the phrases "*embossèd* sores" and "*embossèd* carbuncle." *Embossed* was also a term of the chase, and was used of a deer, boar, or other animal, when foaming at the mouth from fatigue. Some editors so understand the word here; but Keightley observes that "any one who has been out with hounds knows that when fatigued they pant and put out their tongues, but *never* foam." On the whole, the probable meaning in the text is, that the dog Merriman has got a hurt which causes swelling, and needs to be dressed and cared for. See Critical Notes.

[10] *Brach*, from the French *brac* or *braque*, or from the German *bract*, properly means a dog that hunts by the scent; according to Spelman, "a lurcher, or beagle; or any *fine-nosed* hound." The word was also used as "a mannerly name for all hound-bitches"; probably from similarity of sound.

[11] *Fault*, in the language of the chase, was used, very much as it is in Geology, for a *breach in the continuity of the trail.* Such a breach might be caused either by a long leap of the animal or by the scent growing cold.

[12] The Poet often uses *mere* in the sense of *entire* or *absolute.* So that "the *merest loss*" means the same here as "the *coldest fault*" just before; that is, the *most complete interruption* of the trail. The Huntsman means that Belman is such a very fine-nosed hound, that even the *worst fault*, or "the coldest scent," did not put him from the trail. Keen-scented hounds, while pursuing the trail of the game, "cry upon it," that is, keep up a joyous barking: if they lose the trail, they stop barking till they recover it, and then cry upon it again. So in *Venus* and *Adonis:*

> The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
> Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
> With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
> Then do they spend their mouths: &c.

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*1 Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

*2 Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave [13] attendants near him when he wakes,—
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

*1 Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

*2 Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

[13] *Brave*, here, is *finely*, *richly*, or *showily dressed*. The Poet has *bravery* in the same sense. So Jaques, in *As You Like It*, ii. 7, having a tailor in view, asks, "Or what is he of basest function, that says his *bravery* is not on my cost," &c.

And, if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, *What is it your Honour will command?*
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, *Will't please your lordship cool your hands?*
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is —,[14] say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[15] gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[16]

*1 Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think,[17] by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

14 The dash here stands for the tinker's name, which his lordship is not supposed to know.

15 *Kindly* bears a different sense here from that noted a little before,—*appropriately*, or *to the life;* that is, *naturally*. The primitive meaning of *kind* is *nature;* and so the Poet often has it. So too in the *Litany:* "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the *kindly* fruits of the earth."

16 To *husband* a thing with *modesty* is to use *economy* in dealing with it; here, to act with *temperance* and *moderation;* not to *overact*.

17 "*So that* he *will* think," is the language we should use. *Shall* and *will* were often used indiscriminately. And the Poet has other like instances of *as*. So in *Love's Labours*, ii. 1: "You shall be so received *as* you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart." See also vol. i., page 81, note 7.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:— [*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter* Servant.

How now! who is it?
*Serv.* An it please your Honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.[18]
*Lord.* Bid them come near.—

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
*Players.* We thank your Honour.
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.
*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since [19] once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fit,[20] and naturally perform'd.
*1 Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your Honour means.
*Lord.* 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;[21]

[18] Companies of players were wont to travel about the country, and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

[19] *Since* with the force of *when*. Repeatedly so.

[20] *Fit* for *fitted*. The Poet has it several times thus: also many other words; as, *hoist* for *hoisted*, *quit* for *quitted*, &c.

[21] *Modesties*, as the context points out, has the classical sense of *self-restraint*, of *keeping within due bounds* or *observing proper measure*. Without such *moderation*, the Players will be touched into an *explosion of mirth*, or "break into some *merry passion*."

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his Honour never heard a play,—
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for, I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*1 Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic[22] in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him *madam*, do him all obeisance.
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplishèd:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, *What is't your Honour will command,*
*Wherein your lady and your humble wife*
*May show her duty and make known her love?*
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head[23] into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemèd him[24]

[22] *Antic* was sometimes used for *buffoon* or *merryandrew;* any one who might be said to *caricature* humanity.

[23] That is, with *head declining;* the words being transposed for metre's sake.

[24] *Him* for *himself.* The Poet has many instances of such usage. So in i. 1, of this play: "We could at once put *us* in readiness."

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And, if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which, in a napkin being close [25] convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate their over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* Lord's *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich nightgown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances.* *Enter* Lord, *dressed like a* Servant.

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

*1 Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

*2 Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these conserves?

*3 Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me Honour nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and, if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—

[25] The Poet often uses *close* for *secret.* Here used adverbially.

nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your Honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infusèd with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;[1] by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,[2] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[3] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,[4] score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[5] here's —

*1 Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

*2 Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

[1] *Burton-on-the-heath* was the name of a village in Warwickshire.

[2] A *bear-herd* was one who *kept* bears for baiting or other purposes.

[3] Probably meaning *Wilmecote*, another village in Warwickshire, and near Stratford. The name of *Sly* appears, in fact, to have been somewhat frequent in that county; which perhaps furnished the William Sly who belonged to the same theatrical company with Shakespeare.

[4] "For *sheer* ale" probably means "for ale *merely*"; that is, ale *alone*, or *nothing but* ale. Some explain it "*pure, unmixed ale*"; as *sheer* was used for *pure*. But the two senses are closely allied; as we often use *purely* for *merely*.

[5] *Bestraught* is an old word, like *distraught*, for *distracted* or *mad*. So in Holland's *Ammianus*: "Some among them, of the baser sort, having their wits and sences dulled by continuall drunkennesse, are ravished and *besstraught* with wild and wandering cogitations."

Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*1 Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

*2 Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguilèd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3 Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

*1 Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly*. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christópher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*2 Serv*. Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wits restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years[6] you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

*Sly*. These fifteen years! by my fay,[7] a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

*1 Serv*. O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,[8]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:[9]
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly*. Ay, the wóman's maid of the house.

*3 Serv*. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

[6] The Lord has directed the servant to say "this *seven* years." Was this an oversight of the Poet's? or has the servant purposely stretched the time?

[7] *By my fay* is a diminutive of *by my faith;* rather a slender oath. But perhaps Sly is trying to swear suitably to his new character.

[8] That is, at the *Court-leet*, where the using of false weights and measures was tried and punished.

[9] *Seal'd quarts* were quart measures certified by public stamp to be truly such.

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' the Green,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends!

*All.* Amen. [*One of the* Servants *presents* SLY *with a cup of liquor, which he drinks.*

*Sly.* I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the* Page *as a Lady, with* Attendants.

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord:—what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the Sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't.—
Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.
[*They sit down.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. — *Padua. A public place.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived in fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious[1] studies.
Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall[2] become — to serve all hopes conceived[3] —
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply,[4] that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.

[1] *Ingenious* for *ingenuous*, and in the sense of *liberal*. The two words appear to have been confounded in the Poet's time.

[2] *Shall* for *will* again. See page 143, note 17. Also in the scene before this: "Scratching her legs, that one *shall* swear she bleeds."

[3] That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

[4] *Apply* here means *ply*. So in Gascoigne's *Supposes*, 1566: "I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke."

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. *Mi perdonate*,[5] gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As[6] Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic[7] with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use, to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
*Luc*. Gramercies,[8] Tranio, well dost thou advise.

[5] *Mi perdonate* is Italian for *pardon me*.

[6] The use of *as* for *that* in such clauses was very common. It occurs continually in Bacon's Essays. See, also, page 143, note 17.

[7] This phrase has exercised the commentators prodigiously; and some have supposed *balk* to be a misprint. A writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, vindicates the text, conclusively, I think, as follows: "The primary signification of the noun *balk* is *separation;* from the Anglo-Saxon *balca*, a division-ridge or furrow. From the noun comes the verb to *balk*, to divide, to separate into ridges and furrows. *Balk* logic is therefore exactly equivalent to *chop* logic, meaning *divide, separate, distinguish*, in a logical matter, according to the forms and rules of logic. Both words, *chop* and *balk*, signalize the processes of definition and division, of sharp analytic distinction, in which the essence of logic consists; and the mental value of which is represented in the saying of Socrates, that if he could find a man able skilfully to divide, he would follow his steps, and admire him as a god."

[8] *Gramercies* is *great thanks;* from the French *grand merci*.

If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?
*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Catharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
*Gre.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me. —
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
*Cath.* [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?[9]
*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mood.
*Cath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis[10] it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be

[9] "Do you mean to make a *mockery* or a *laughing-stock* of me among these *fellows?*" The Poet several times uses *stale* thus for *jest* or *butt;* as in *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 3: "Had he none else to make a *stale* but me? Then none but I shall turn his *jest* to sorrow." But Catharina probably has withal a quibbling allusion to the chess-term *stale-mate.* So in Bacon's essay *Of Boldness:* "Like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir."

[10] It is beyond question that *I wis* was originally one word, *i-wis*, the Saxon genitive *gewis* used adverbially, and meaning *truly* or *certainly.* It is also beyond question that Shakespeare, and other writers of his time, used it as a pronoun and a verb, and as equivalent to *I ween*, or, in Yankee

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a Fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

*Tra.* [*Aside to* LUC.] Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* [*Aside to* TRA.] But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* [*Aside to* LUC.] Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty peat![11] it is best put finger in the eye, —
an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* [*Aside to* TRA.] Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?[12]
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,[13]

phrase, *I guess;* perhaps from ignorance of its original meaning. — In the next line, *could* where present usage requires *would.* The auxiliaries *could, should,* and *would,* like *shall* and *will,* were used indiscriminately.

11 *Peat* is *pet, darling;* probably from the French *petite.*

12 "Will you be so *odd,* so *unlike others,* in your course of action?"

13 To *mew up* was a technical term for *confining* or *shutting up* hawks during the season of moulting.

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of Hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolved: —
Go in, Bianca: — [*Exit* BIANCA.
And, for[14] I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio, —
Or, Signior Gremio, you, — know any such,
Prefer[15] them hither; for to cunning[16] men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so, farewell. — Catharina, you may stay;
For I have more to cómmune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

*Cath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, hà? [*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the Devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. — Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails[17] together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish[18] him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio: but, a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,[19] it toucheth us both, — that we

[14] *For* in the *sense* of *because* or *inasmuch as.* A very frequent usage.

[15] *Prefer* is the old term for *recommend.* The Poet has it repeatedly so.

[16] *Cunning* in its original sense of *able, skilful,* or *knowing.* So in Isaiah, iii. 3: "The counsellor, and the *cunning* artificer, and the eloquent orator."

[17] *Blowing the nails* is an old phrase for spending the time in idleness. See page 111, note 82.

[18] "I will *wish* him" is I will *recommend* him.

[19] *Advice* in its old sense of *reflection* or *consideration.* Often so. — *Parle* is *parley,* that is, *talk.* See vol. i., page 167, note 1.

may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, — to labour and effect one thing specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to Hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole![20] He that runs fastest gets the ring.[21] How say you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

[20] An old proverbial phrase of encouragement or good wishes, meaning, "May the lot or portion *doled* or *dealt* to him be happiness!"

[21] A ring was one of the prizes given at matches of running and wrestling.

I never thought it possible or likely;
But, see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found th' effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, —
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[22] from the heart:
If love has touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*[23]
*Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly[24] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
*Luc.* O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[25] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond.
*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:

22 Is not *expelled* by *chiding* or *scolding*.

23 The Poet quoted these words of Terence from Lily's *Grammar*. The original has it thus: "Quid agas? nisi ut te *redimas* captum quam queas minimo."

24 *Longly* for *longingly*.

25 Agenor's daughter was the famous Europa, whom Jupiter was so smitten with, that he transformed himself into a bull, and carried her off on his back.

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits t' achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,[26]
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.
*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters t' instruct her?
*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.
*Tra.* Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
*Luc.* Tell me thine first.
*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
*Luc.* It is: may it be done?
*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
*Luc.* Basta;[27] content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master: then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

[26] *Curst* is *cross, snappish, ill-tempered;* and *shrewd* is *sharp* or *biting;* used of a *scold,* or one of stinging speech.

[27] *Basta* is *enough;* Italian and Spanish.

Keep house, and port,[28] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, then, sir, sith[29] it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient, —
For so your father charged me at our parting;
*Be serviceable to my son,* quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense, —
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue. —

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

28 *Port* here means *display, magnificence,* or *pomp.* So in *The Merchant,* iii. 2: "The Duke himself, and the magnificoes of greatest *port* have all persuaded with him."

29 *Sith* and *sithence,* both much used in the Poet's time, and in the same sense, have now given place entirely to *since.*

And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

*Bion.* Ay, sir. — [*Aside.*] Ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him: would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, — not for my sake, but your master's, — I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But, in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go:
One thing more rests, that thyself execute, —
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Before* HORTENSIO'S *House.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best-belovèd and approvèd friend,

Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your Worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me[1] here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master has grown quarrelsome.—I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*Wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears; who falls.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio![2]—How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
*Con tutto il core bene trovato,* may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*—
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* [*Rising.*] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what be *leges* in

[1] This redundant use of *me* is an old idiom occurring continually in these plays. Of course Grumio chooses to take his master literally for the humour of it.

[2] The Poet anglicised the spelling of the Italian name *Petrucio,* perhaps to secure a right pronunciation of it on the stage.

Latin, if this be not a lawful cause[3] for me to leave his service. Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, — a pip out?[4]
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate! O Heavens! Spake you not these words plain, *Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?* And come you now with — knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, 'tis a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[5]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

[3] Meaning, simply, "'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c.

[4] Halliwell says that "*to be two-and-thirty, a pip out*, was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated." *Pip* is a spot on a card; and the phrase is said to be derived from the game of *Bone-ace*, or *One-and-thirty*, — now obsolete, both name and thing. Massinger, in *The Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2, has a passage that does not seem to accord well with Halliwell's explanation: "I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood. You think, because you served my lady's mother, are *thirty-two years old*, — *which is a pip out*, you know, — out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar," &c.

[5] *In a few* means *in a few words*, or *in short*.

Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,[6]
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd[7] wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[8]
As old as Sibyl,[9] and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse;
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:[10]
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

[6] To *come roundly* to a man is to be *out-spoken* or *downright* with him.

[7] Perhaps *ill-favour'd* here refers to inward or moral qualities; for in his next speech Hortensio describes Catharina as "young and beateous."

[8] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

[9] The word *sibyl* is here made a proper name. For some account of the ancient lady referred to, see *The Merchant*, i. 2.

[10] The Adriatic, though often as still and placid as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall that protects Venice is of vast width and height, yet is sometimes drowned in Winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas" which pour over it into the lagunes.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;[11] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses:[12] why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault — and that is faults enough —
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her,[13] though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Catharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceasèd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,

11 *Aglets* were the tags to the strings used to fasten the dress, and sometimes represented small images. *Aglet* also signified a brooch or jewel in one's cap: so that *Aglet-baby* might mean a diminutive figure on the tags aforesaid, or one carved on a jewel.

12 "The fifty diseases of a horse" seems to have been a proverbial saying. Grumio varies and slightly stretches the proverb.

13 *Board her* is, in modern phrase, *lay siege to her*.

Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[14] I'll tell you what, sir, — an she stand him[15] but a little, he will throw a figure[16] in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep[17] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible, —
For those defects I have before rehearsed, —
That ever Catharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,[18]
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Catharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Catharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,

14 *Rope-tricks* is said to mean *roguery*, or such tricks as deserve the *rope*. Malone says that "*ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea." Grumio seems withal to be playing tricks of speech on the resemblance of *rope-tricks* and *rhetoric*.

15 *Stand him* is *withstand*, *resist*, or *make an issue with* him.

16 A figure of *rhetoric*. Grumio is quibbling still; as he does again between *Kate* and *cat*.

17 *Keep* for *care*, *keeping*, or *custody*.

18 To *take order* is to *use means*, or *adopt measures*.

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music,[19] to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! —

*Enter* GREMIO; *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love. —
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous! [*They retire.*

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: — over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess: — take your paper too;[20]
And let me have them very well perfumed;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, — stand you so assured, —
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

19 *Well seen* is an old phrase for *well versed* or *well skilled.* Much used in the Poet's time. So in *The Faerie Queene*, iv. 2: "*Well seene* in every science that mote be."

20 *Paper* refers to *note;* and *them*, in the next line, to *books.*

*Gru.* O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!— [*Coming forward.*] God save you, Signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I'm going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books, — good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

*Gre.* Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me; and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good[21] for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Catharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

[21] "*Indifferent* good" is *not differently*, that is, *equally*, good. Elsewhere *indifferent* is *tolerably* or *reasonably*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "I am myself *indifferent* honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me."

*Gre.* No? sayest me so, friend? What countryman?
*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
*Gre.* O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
*Pet.* Will I live?
*Gru.* [*Aside.*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.[22]
*Gru.* [*Aside.*] For he fears none.
*Gre.* Hortensio, hark:
This gentlemen is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
*Hor.* I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.
*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

[22] That is, *frighten* boys with *bugbears*. The Poet uses *fear* repeatedly thus, as a transitive verb. So in *3 Henry VI.*, v. 2: "Warwick was a *bug* that *fear'd* us all." The word *bug* originally meant a *goblin*, *sprite*, or *ghost*, such things as used to "make night hideous."

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter* TRANIO *bravely apparelled, and* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you? If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

*Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he.—Biondello,—

*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—[23]

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,[24] I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,—
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

[23] Of course Gremio has *woo* on his tongue: why he is not permitted to speak it, is not very apparent.

[24] *At any hand* has occurred a little before, in the same sense, *at any rate.*

She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, what, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.[25]

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*Tra.*—No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides'[26] twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

[25] *Jade* was used for an *unreliable horse.* So in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2: "Hollow men, like horses hot at hand, make gallant show and promise of their mettle; but, when they should endure the bloody spur, they fall their crests, and, like *deceitful jades*, sink in the trial."

[26] Hercules was a descendant of *Alceus*, hence in the Greek idiom called *Alcides.*

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And, since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.[27]

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive [28] this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries [29] do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru.*, *Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows,[30] let's be gone.

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II.

### Scene I.—*Padua. A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

*Enter* Catharina, *and* Bianca *with her hands bound.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but, for these other gauds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

[27] Shakespeare always uses *beholding* where we should use *beholden;* the active form with the passive sense. See vol. i., page 233, note 24.

[28] *Contrive* here means *wear out, pass away*, or *spend;* from *contrivi*, the preterite of the Latin *contero*. So in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571: "In travelling countries, we three have *contriv'd* full many a year."

[29] *Adversaries* for *opposing counsel* in a law-suit.

[30] Grumio and Biondello probably address each other here, and also Lucentio, as *fellow-servants*. They would hardly use *fellows* in speaking to the others present.

Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
*Cath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
*Cath.* Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?
*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
*Cath.* O, then belike you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
*Bian.* Is it for him you do envý me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA.

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[1] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

1 *Hilding* is from the Saxon *healdan*, which properly means to *hold*, *keep*, or *rule*, as in a state of servitude or thraldom. So that the radical sense of *hilding* seems to be *slave* or *thrall;* hence the word grew to be a general term of reproach. It was applied to both sexes, but with somewhat different shades of meaning. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5, old Capulet applies it to his daughter as an opprobrious term serving merely to vent his wrath.

*Bap.* [*Holding her back.*] What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in Hell.[2]
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter* GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean Man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. — God save you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Catharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, — hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, —
Am bold to show myself a forward guest

[2] "Leading apes in Hell" is no doubt part of an ancient proverb. As Steevens explains, it seems to have been thought, in the olden time, that women who refused to be *mothers* were condemned to have the care of apes in leading-strings after death. So, in *Much Ado*, Beatrice, after jesting off all sorts of men from her hand, adds, "Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and *lead his apes into Hell.*" — To *dance barefoot* was another proverbial phrase for *being an old maid.* So says Halliwell.

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting* HORTEN.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
T' instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I knew him well: you're welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![3] you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful,[4] I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long

[3] "A cant exclamation," says Dyce, "of doubtful etymology, signifying *Go back.*" And he quotes from one of John Heywood's epigrams on the word,—

*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow:
Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you?

[4] *Grateful* here is *pleasant* or *acceptable*. Sometimes still used so.

studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name,—of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir; son to Vicentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you're very welcome, sir.—
[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute,—[*To* LUC.] and you the set of books:
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!—

*Enter a* Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.—
[*Exit* Servant, *with* HOR., LUC., *and* BION.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and, in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[5]—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us.
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet éxtreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

[5] That is, her *dower* or *jointure as a widow.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
*Hor.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[6]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
*Frets call you these?* quoth she; *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazèd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.
*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
*Pet.* I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* BAP., GRE., TRA., *and* HOR.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

[6] *Frets* are small ridges on the finger-board of a lute or guitar, where the strings are pressed down.

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.—

*Enter* CATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
*Cath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Catharine that do talk of me.
*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
*Cath.* Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.
*Pet.* Why, what's a movable?
*Cath.* A joint-stool.
*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.
*Cath.* But no such load as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!
For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —
*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
*Pet.* Should be! should buzz.[7]
*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle, — as he takes a buzzard.[8]
*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
*Pet.* My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.
*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.
*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
*Cath.* In his tongue.
*Pet.* Whose tongue?
*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [*Detaining her.*
*Cath.* That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
*Cath.* So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
*Cath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?
*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

[7] Of course a quibble was intended between *be* and *bee*, and also between the *buzzing* of a bee and a *buzz* of words.

[8] The *beetle*, on account of its humming or buzzing, was called *buzzard*. But this latter word is here used in different senses; meaning, at first, a common and inferior kind of hawk; one that had only spirit enough to pounce upon a turtle-dove. And the buzzard, I suppose, only takes the beetle as a morsel of food.

*Cath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.[9]
*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
*Cath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.
*Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
*Cath.* There is, there is.
*Pet.* Then show it me.
*Cath.* Had I a glass, I would.
*Pet.* What, you mean my face?
*Cath.* Well aim'd[10] of such a young one.
*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.
*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
*Cath.* I care not.
*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
*Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

[9] *Craven* was a term for a *cowardly degenerate cock.* When Catharine asks, "What is your crest? a coxcomb?" she implies that Petruchio is a *Fool;* an imitation of a cock's comb being one of the badges of professional *Fools.* See *King Lear*, i. 4.

[10] "Well *aim'd*" is well *guessed;* a frequent usage of *aim.* In the next line Petruchio plays on the word *young*, meaning, as Walker says, "I am too much for you, I am an overmatch for you." So in *Much Ado*, v. 1: "Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too *young* for them."

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
*Cath.* Go, Fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
*Cath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
*Pet.* Am I not wise?
*Cath.* Yes; keep you warm.[11]
*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Catharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, —
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, —
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate[12]
Comformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

[11] Alluding, most likely, to an old proverbial saying now lost, and the meaning of which has not been fully traced: perhaps something like the one now in use, "He don't know enough to go in when it rains." Beatrice, in *Much Ado*, i. 1, refers, apparently, to the same proverb, when, speaking of Benedict, she says, "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm*, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

[12] A quibble is doubtless intended here; and it seems likely that *Kate* and *cat* were sounded alike in Shakespeare's time.

*Re-enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with
My daughter?
*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine! in your dumps?
*Cath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus: Yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[13]
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
*Cath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio; she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.
*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then good night our pact![14]
*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

[13] The patience of Griselda had been made proverbial in England by Chaucer; if indeed it were not so before Chaucer clothed it with his beauty.

[14] *Pact* is *bargain* or *compact;* so used repeatedly by Burke.

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast,[15] protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,[16]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[17] wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Catharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

*Gre.* } *Tra.* } Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA *severally.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

15 This means "she drove on so *swift a competition* with me in kissing." To *vie*, as Gifford well explains it, was to stake or bet a certain sum at a game; to *revie* was to cover it with a larger sum, whereupon the challenged party became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in turn. This vying and revying was kept up till one of the parties lost courage and gave up the whole.

16 An old phrase, meaning the same as "It is *a wonder* to see."

17 *Meacock* meant about the same as our word *flunkey*. So in *Junius's Nomenclator*, 1585: "A *mecocke* or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maister."

*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have lookèd for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
*Tra.* Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.
*Gre.* But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen: I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cyprus chests my arras-counterpoints,[18]
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,[19]
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd [20] with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework;
Pewter [21] and brass, and all things that belong

[18] *Arras-counterpoints* are simply counterpoints, or what we call *counterpanes*, made of arras; and the latter was a general term for tapestries and hangings.

[19] "A *canopy* properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes." So says Baret.—*Tents* were *hangings;* probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung.

[20] *Boss'd* is *studded.* *Valance* is *fringe.*

[21] *Pewter* was so costly, that vessels made of it were hired by the year.

To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy [22]
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[23]
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;

[22] An *argosy* was a large vessel, man-of-war or merchant-man.

[23] A *galliass* was a great double galley, with three masts, and thirty-two seats for rowers.

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?
*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,
I'm thus resolved: On Sunday next you know
My daughter Catharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.— [*Exit* BAPTISTA.
Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[24]
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd — supposed Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

[24] A phrase from some game at cards, where the standing boldly upon a ten-spot was often successful. Nares explains, "I conceive the force of the phrase to have expressed, originally, the confidence or impudence of one who, with a ten, as at brag, *faced* or outfaced one who really had a faced card against him. To face meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face."

# ACT III.

## Scene I.—*Padua. A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

*Enter* Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Catharine welcomed you withal?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous[1] ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar[2] in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;

[1] *Preposterous* is here used in its proper classical sense of *putting the last first*, or *hind-side-before*.

[2] A *breeching* scholar is a scholar liable to be *breeched* or *flogged*. So, in *The Merry Wives*, iv. 1, Sir Hugh Evans says to the boy, William Page, "if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be *preeches*."

His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

*Hor.* [*To* BIANCA.] You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [HORTENSIO *retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:

[Reads.] *Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*[3]

*Bian.* Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat,* as I told you before,—*Simois,* I am Lucentio,—*hic est,* son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus,* disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami,* is my man Tranio,—*regia,* bearing my port,—*celsa senis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[4]

*Hor.* [*Coming forward.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

*Bian.* Let's hear. [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O, fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man,
And tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:
*Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus,* I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not,—*regia,* presume not,—*celsa senis,* despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.—
[*Aside.*] How fiery and forward is our pedant!

[3] These verses are from Ovid's *Epistolæ Heroïdum, Penelope Ulyssi,* 33.

[4] *Pantaloon* was the name of a character that figured on the Italian stage. —The humour of translating Latin into English of a totally different sense was not uncommon.

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
*Pedascule*,[5] I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, — call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you: —
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but[6] I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.* —
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:

[5] *Pedascule* is Italian for *pedant*.

[6] *But* in the exceptive sense, — *be out that.*

Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice,[7]
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wondering eyes on every stale,[8]
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee[9] by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and others, with* Attendants.

*Bap.* [*To* TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Catharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

[7] It is not always easy to keep up with *nice* as used by old writers. Here it has the sense, apparently, of *simple*, *weak*, or *foolish*. So in Gower: "A tale of them that be so *nice*, and feignen them selfe to be wise."

[8] *Stale* was applied to any person or thing made stale by too much or too free use; hence meaning a *common* woman or man.

[9] To *be quit with* a person is to *requite* him, or to *retort upon* him.

*Cath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen;[1]
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Catharine,
And say, *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
*If it would please him come and marry her!*

*Tra.* Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* Would Catharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others.*

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Master, master! news, and such old[2] news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

[1] *Full of spleen* is *capricious, whimsical,* or *freakish;* as the spleen was supposed to be the cause of sudden changes in feeling and conduct.—*Rudesby* means *rude fellow.*

[2] *Old* as here used is aptly explained by Staunton: "By *old news* the speaker obviously intends a reference to the '*old* jerkin,' '*old* breeches,' '*old* rusty sword,' &c., which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment."

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what is thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;[3] with two broken points:[4] his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mourn in the chine;[5] troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,[6] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,[7] past cure of the fives,[8] stark spoil'd with the stag-

[3] *Chapeless* is without *chape*, that is, the metallic part at the lower end of the scabbard, which covered the point of the sword.

[4] *Points* were tagged laces used in fastening the outer dress; something like what we call *braces* or *suspenders*. So that two broken points would add much to Petruchio's odd appearance.

[5] *Mourning in the chine* appears to have been the term for a disease in horses something like the *mumps*. So in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "Les oreillons. The Mumpes, or mourning in the Chine." And in Urquart's translation of Rabelais, quoted by White: "In our abbey we never study for fear of the *mumps*, which disease in horses is called the *mourning in the chine*." Nares quotes from Markham the heading of a chapter, "Of the running Glaunders, or Mourning in the Chine"; which seems to imply that both were considered the same disorder.

[6] *Fashions* is the disease in horses called *farcy* or *farcin*. So in *Gull's Hornbook*, by Dekker, 1609: "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and horses died of it."

[7] The *yellows* is a disease in horses corresponding to *jaundice*. *Rayed* probably means *afflicted*; as Hormann's *Vulgaria*, 1530, has the passage: "He was sore *arayed* with sycknesse. Morbo atrociter *conflictus est*."

[8] The *fives* is the distemper known in farriery as *vives*, affecting the glands under the ear.

gers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back,[9] and shoulder-shotten; near-legg'd before,[10] and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst,[11] and new-repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[12] which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies* [13] prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lacquey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howso'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

[9] In explanation of this, Halliwell quotes from Blundevile's *Order of Curing Horses Diseases*, 1609: " *Of the swayinge of the backe.* This is called of the Italians *mal feruto*, and commeth either by some great straine, or else by heavie burthens: you shall perceive it by the reeling and rolling of the horses hinder parts in his going." — *Shoulder-shotten* means *with a dislocated shoulder.*

[10] The expression "*near-legg'd* before," or "*ne'er*-legged," as some editors print, has not been satisfactorily explained. See Critical Notes.

[11] *Burst* again for *broken*. See page 140, note 4.

[12] *Velure* was sometimes used for *velvet.*

[13] This is commonly thought to mean some popular ballad of the time, or collection of ballads, which Petruchio had stuck in his lacquey's hat in place of a feather. But see Critical Notes.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.[14]

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO, *both of them meanly and fantastically dressed.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn[15] festival!

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

[14] This is most likely a scrap of some ballad.

[15] *Solemn* appears to be used here in its Latin sense of *regular*, *customary*, or *established*.

Though in some part enforcèd to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss![16]
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.
*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
*Bap.* I'll after him, and see th' event of this. [*Exit.*
*Tra.* But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much,[17] we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promisèd.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

[16] *Lovely* is evidently used here in an active sense, for *loving*.

[17] It "*skills* not" is an old phrase for "it *matters* not," or *it makes no difference*. The Poet has it several times thus.

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint [18] musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Enter* GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.
*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the Devil's dam.
*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: When the priest
Should ask, if Catharine should be his wife,
*Ay, by gogs-wouns*, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
*Now take them up*, quoth he, *if any list.*

[18] *Quaint* is *ingenious*, *artful*, or *adroit*. Commonly so in Shakespeare. See vol. i., page 180, note 9.

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why[19] he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after marriage ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: *A health!* quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;[20]
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout[21] is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before: —
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, GRUMIO; *with* HORTENSIO *and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

[19] *For why* is *because*, or *for the reason that.* See vol. i., page 112, note 33, and page 204, note 8.

[20] The custom of taking wine and sops in church at the close of a marriage is very ancient, and was almost universal in England in Shakespeare's time. Muscadel or muscadine, or a drink called hippocras was commonly used. For the marriage of a princess it was ordered, "Then pottes of Ipocrice to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with *soppe*, and to be borne to the estates, and to take a soppe and drinke." So at the marriage of Philip and Mary in Winchester Cathedral, 1554: "The trumpets sounded, and they returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done; at which tyme wyne and sopes were hallowed and delyvered to them both."

[21] *Rout* was used simply for a *company*, or what we call a *crowd.*

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner,

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Cath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Cath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse'.[22]

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

*Cath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till please myself.
The door is open, sir; their lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;[23]

[22] *Horse'* for *horses.* So the Poet has many plurals, such as *corpse'* for *corpses*, *house'* for *houses*, &c.

[23] A similar phrase is said to be still common in England. "Be off while your shoes are good."

For me, I'll not be gone till please myself:
Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
*Pet.* O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.
*Cath.* I will be angry: what hast thou to do? —
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[24]
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. —
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own: —
She is my goods, my chattels; she's my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything:
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler[25] thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

[24] *Domineer* seems to have been used sometimes for *bluster* or *swagger*. So in Tarleton's *Jests:* "Domineering very late at night with two of his friends."

[25] *Buckler* was a kind of *shield:* so that to *buckler* is to *shield*, to *defend*, or *protect*.

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want
For to supply[26] the places at the table,
You know there want no junkets[27] at the feast. —
Lucentio, you'll supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. — *A Hall in* PETRUCHIO'S *country House.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?[1] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were

26 That is, "though bride and bridegroom *are wanting* to supply." The use of *for* before the infinitive is very rare in Shakespeare. Some playwrights of that age use it a good deal.

27 *Junkets* are *sweetmeats*, *dainties*, or *delicacies*.

1 The meaning of *ray'd* is in doubt. The common explanation is *befouled* or *bemired*: Staunton thinks it rather means *chafed;* from the French *rayer*.

not I a little pot, and soon hot,[2] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. — Holla, ho! Curtis!

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but[3] my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.[4]

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, Winter tames man, woman, and beast;[5] for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.[6]

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand — she being now at hand — thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

[2] "A little pot soon hot" was a proverbial saying.

[3] This use of *but* after comparatives for *than* occurs quite often in Shakespeare. So in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2: "A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully *but* as a drunken sleep."

[4] It seems by this that the round, "Scotland's burning," &c., is as old at least as Shakespeare's time.

[5] Grumio has in mind the proverbial saying, "Wedding and ill-wintering tame both man and beast."

[6] If the text is right, Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*. See Critical Notes.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gru.* Why, *Jack, boy! ho, boy!*[7] and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching![8] —

*Gru.* Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd,[9] cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[10] the carpets laid, and every thing in order!

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

[7] Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, has a drinking-round in three parts, beginning with these words; *jack* being the name of a drinking-vessel.

[8] To *cony-catch* is to *deceive, cheat,* or *play tricks upon;* the *cony* or rabbit being easily gulled. The word is used jocularly here.

[9] *Rushes* were used for carpeting floors in the best houses. The *carpets* mentioned a little after were what we call *table-cloths.*

[10] Grumio is quibbling: *jack* and *jill* were the names of two drinking-cups, and also applied to men-servants and women-servants; as in the old nursery rhyme that I used to hear:

> Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water;
> Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.

*Gru.* There. [*Striking him.*

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress: —

*Curt.* Both of one horse?[11]

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but, hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd;[12] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, — that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper: with many things of worthy memory,[13] which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue[14] coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit:[15] let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume

11 "Both *on* one horse," of course. So the Poet often uses *of* and *on* indiscriminately. So in *Much Ado*, iii. 5: "An two men ride *of* a horse, one must ride behind."

12 *Bemoil'd* means the same as *bemired.*

13 Old phraseology for *worthy of memory.*

14 *Blue* was the common livery-colour for servants.

15 That is, of a *medium quality*, or *tolerably fine; knit* having reference to the fineness of the thread. See page 168, note 21.

to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance[16] my mistress!

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that call'st for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter* NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, *and other* Servants.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio!

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad!

*Gru.* Welcome, you! — how now, you! — what, you! — fellow, you! — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's[17] passion, silence! I hear my master.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA.

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

16 To *countenance* here means to *receive* or *entertain*. So, in *As You Like It*, i. 1, we have the substantive in the sense of *entertainment* or *treatment*: "The something that Nature gave me his *countenance* seems to take from me." Of course Grumio snatches the occasion for a pun.

17 *Cock* is an old corruption, or disguise, of the sacred name.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—
*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet. *Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!*
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
*Gru.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd[18] i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[19]
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.[20]
*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
[Sings.] *Where is the life that late I led*[21]—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud![22]

[18] It was the fashion to have the pumps *pinked*, that is, *punched* with holes in figures, and sometimes into a sort of resemblance to *pinks* or other flowers.

[19] To *black over* the hat, and make it look new. It appears that links, that is, *torches*, of pitch were put to that use. So in *Mihil Mumchance*, formerly attributed to Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blackt over* with the *smoake of an old linke*."

[20] Grumio is no doubt acting here in persuance of a secret understanding with his master, or "according to the trick."

[21] This is a scrap of some ballad now lost; as are also the two lines a little after.

[22] Probably a word coined by the Poet, to express the noise of one panting with heat and fatigue.

*Re-enter* Servants *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when![23]

[Sings.] *It was the friar of orders grey,*
*As he forth walkèd on his way:*—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking-off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where is my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—

*Enter a* Servant *with a basin and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*

*Cath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

*1 Serv.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*1 Serv.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*

23 *When?* was much used as an exclamation of impatience.

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
[*Exeunt* Servants.

*Cath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter, severally,* NATHANIEL, PETER, *and* GRUMIO.

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her
In her own humour.

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Curt.* In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO.

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.[1]
Another way I have to man my haggard,[2]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites
That bate,[3] and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend[4]
That all is done in reverent care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrow,[5]
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

[1] Petruchio is spinning an allegory to himself from falconry. A hawk *full-fed* was untractable, and refused the lure. So in Watson's *Sonnets*: "No *lure* will cause her stoop, she bears *full gorge*."—The *lure* was something stuffed so as to look like the game the hawk was to pursue; and its use was to tempt or allure her back from flight.—*Stoop* is another term in falconry; thus explained by Randle Holme: "Stoup, or *stouping on the wing*, is when a hawk is aloft upon her wings, and then descends to strike her Prey."

[2] A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to *man* her is to *tame* her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was part of the process of taming.

[3] To *bate* is to *flutter*, to *flap the wings*, as preparing for flight.

[4] *Intend* for *pretend;* the two being used interchangeably in the Poet's time. So in *Much Ado*, ii. 2: "*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio."

[5] *Shrow* and *shrew* are but different forms of the same word, and *shrow* is used here simply for the rhyme.

## SCENE III.—*Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.[1]

*Hor.* To satisfy you, sir, in what I've said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!
[*They retire.*

*Hor.* Quick proceeders,[2] marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca loved none in the world so well as Lucentio,—

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:[3]
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

[1] To *bear in hand* is to *encourage* or *lead along* with false hopes or expectations; to amuse or gull with false pretences.

[2] *Quick proceeders*, because they have advanced so quickly to the degree of Master of Arts. See page 9, note 10.

[3] A *cullion* is not far from what we call *a great booby*; a *lout*.

Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And, since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you—if you be so contented—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her though she would[4] entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.[5]
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so, I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessèd case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

[4] *Would* for *should.* The Poet has a great many instances of *could, should*, and *would* used indiscriminately.

[5] *Haggard* was sometimes used of a wild, wanton, unchaste woman. So in *Othello*, iii. 3: "If I do prove her *haggard*, though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, I'd whistle her off," &c.

*Tra.* I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
*Bian.* God give him joy!
*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.
*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.
*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel[6] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?
*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[7]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?
*Tra.* If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

6 The word *angel* here has occasioned some controversy. In the corresponding part of Gascoigne's *Supposes*, Dulippo, who answers to Lucentio, on seeing the old man coming says, "By my troth, he looks like a *good soul;* he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead." Singer, starting from this passage, gives the following commentary on the text: "An *ancient angel*, then, was neither more nor less than the *good soul* of Gascoigne; or, as Cotgrave explains it, '*An old angel*, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest worthy stamp'; one who, being honest himself, suspects no guile in others, and is therefore easily duped."

7 A merchant, or a schoolmaster.

*Enter a* Pedant.

*Ped.* God save you, sir!
*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up further, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of Mantua.
*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
*Ped.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke—
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him—
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
*Tra.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa renownèd for grave citizens.
*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand,—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower[8] in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

*Enter* CATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,

[8] To *pass assurance* of a dower is to *agree upon a settlement* of a dower. Deeds are called common *assurances*, because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him.

Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And, that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,[1] if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?[2]

*Cath.* 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Cath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Cath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Cath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

*Cath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very[3] name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

[1] This phrase occurs repeatedly, and means "As if he were saying," or "As if any one should say."

[2] *Neat* was a common epithet of beasts of the bovine *genus*, cows, calves, oxen, steers, &c.

[3] *Very* in the sense of *mere;* a frequent usage. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "A *very* riband in the cap of youth, yet needful too."

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?[4]
*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?
*Cath.* Faith, as cold as can be.
*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.[5]—
Here, take away this dish.
*Cath.* I pray you, let it stand.
*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
*Cath.* I thank you, sir.
*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
*Pet.* [*Aside to* HOR.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—
[*To* CATH.] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

[4] *Amort* is *downcast* or *dispirited;* from *à la mort*, French.

[5] "All my labour is to no purpose; has no *approval allotted* to it;" *'proof* being used for *approof.* The Poet often has *sort* in this sense.

To deck thy body with his ruffling[6] treasure.—

*Enter* Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

*Enter* Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

*Cath.* I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

*Cath.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[7] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

[6] *Ruffling* refers to the *flaunting* finery that Petruchio has just spoken of. To *ruffle* is to *strut* or to *cut a big dash.*—Women's dresses were commonly made by men in Shakespeare's time.

[7] *Coffin* was the culinary term for the raised crust of a custard.

*Cath.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay: — come, tailor, let us see't. —
O, mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down,[8] carved like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[9] in a barber's shop: —
Why, what, o' Devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] I see she's like t' have neither cap nor gown.

*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

*Pet.* Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

*Cath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint,[10] more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*Tai.* She says your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved[11] in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

[8] *Up and down*, as here used, means about the same as our phrase *out and out;* that is, *exactly*. See vol. i., page 184, note 41.

[9] A *censer* was a fire-pan with a perforated cover, for burning perfumes to sweeten rooms.

[10] *Quaint*, again, for *ingenious* or *elegant*. See page 197, note 18.

[11] To *brave* one is to treat him with *bravado*, to *defy* him.

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your Worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things;[12] —

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men;[13] brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo,* thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *a loose-bodied gown:* —

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,[14] sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[15] of brown thread: I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

Tai. [Reads.] *With a small-compass'd cape:* —

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads.] *With a trunk sleeve:* —

[12] That is, turned up many garments with *facings.*

[13] To *make fine* or *splendid* was one of the senses of to *brave.* So in *King Richard III.*, v. 3: "He [the Sun] should have *braved* the East an hour ago." See, also, page 142, note 13.

[14] Grumio appears to be quibbling on *loose-bodied*, taking it in the sense of *loose body*, that is, a *loose woman.* Or it may have been customary for such women to wear loose-bodied gowns.

[15] *Bottom* for *ball; bottom* being the name for the *centre* upon which thread or yarn was wound.

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads.] *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,[16] give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.[17]

*Pet.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit[18] in that?

*Gru.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* [*Aside to* Hor.] Hortensio, say thou'lt see the tailor paid.—
[*To* Tai.] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt* Tailor *and* Haberdasher.

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:

16 A quibble upon *bill*, which was the name for a foot-soldier's weapon. — *Straight*, as usual, for *straightway*, or *immediately*.

17 Another quibble; *odds* in the double sense of *difference* and of *quarrel*. The two men are weaponed *equally*.

18 *Conceit* is *conception*, *thought*, or *design*. Continually so used in old English.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the Sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Cath.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the Sun!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Padua. Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, ay, what else? and, but[1] I be deceived,

[1] *But*, again, in the exceptive sense. See page 190, note 6.

Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[2]
*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
*Ped.* I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Fear you not him.— Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly,[3] I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.
*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow:[4] hold thee that to drink.—
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.—

*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
[*To the* Pedant.] Sir,
This is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
*Ped.* Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

[2] *Pegasus* is supposed to be the name of an inn; so called because it had a figure of Pegasus painted on its sign.

[3] *Throughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, are but different forms of the same word, and so were used interchangeably.

[4] Equivalent, perhaps, to "*fine* fellow." *Tall* was used for *bold*, *stout*, and sometimes to convey the idea of a good figure. So in Hormann's *Vulgaria*, 1530: "A goodly and a comely man, or a *tall* man. *Homo eleganti forma.*"

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, — if you please to like
No worse than I, sir, — upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious [5] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied,[6] and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily [7] we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,

[5] *Curious*, for *scrupulous*, *punctilious*, or *exacting*.
[6] *Affied* is *betrothed*, or *formally engaged*.
[7] *Happily* for *haply*, *peradventure;* used in that form for the metre.

We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well. — Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happenéd, —
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. —
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way? [LUCENTIO *retires.*
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRA., Pedant, *and* BAP.

*Bion.* Cambio, —

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[8] of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then? —

*Bion.* The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a

[8] *Moral* is used here as when we speak of the *moral* of a fable.

counterfeit assurance, you take assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*.[9] To the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient-honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly[10] go about her:
It shall go hard[11] if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI. — *A public Road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

*Cath.* The Moon! the Sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the Moon that shines so bright.

*Cath.* I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be Moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house. —
Go one, and fetch our horses back again. —

[9] These are the words of the old exclusive privilege of printing a book. A quibble is evidently intended in *imprimendum.*

[10] *Roundly* the same as before explained. See page 164, note 6.

[11] This phrase occurs repeatedly; the sense being, "The undertaking must be hard indeed, if I do not carry it through."

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
*Hor.* [*Aside to* CATHARINE.] Say as he says, or we shall never go.
*Cath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
*Pet.* I say it is the Moon.
*Cath.* I know it is the Moon.
*Pet.* Nay, then, you lie: it is the blessèd Sun.
*Cath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessèd Sun:
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be still for Catharine.
*Hor.* [*Aside.*] Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.[1] —
But, soft! what company is coming here? —

*Enter* VINCENTIO.

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? —
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

[1] A *bias* was a weight, of lead or iron, so placed in a bowl as to prevent its rolling straight to the aim: hence the word acquired the general sense of *inclination*, *prejudice*, or *prepossession;* and *against the bias* was much the same as making head against wind and tide.

*Hor.* [*Aside.*] 'A will make the man mad, to make[2] a woman of him.

*Cath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the Sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:[3]
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

[2] *To make* is here the gerundial infinitive, as it is called, and so is equivalent to *by making*. See vol i., page 207, note 12.

[3] When one has been long in the sunshine, surrounding objects do in fact often seem tinged with green. Writers on Optics explain the reason of it.

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Besides, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Padua. Before* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

*Enter on one side* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, *and* Attendants.

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I; and here I leave you, sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.[1] [*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

*Enter the* Pedant *above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

*Ped.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. — Do you hear, sir? — to leave frivolous circumstances, — I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* [*To* VINCENTIO.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

[1] To be *toward* is to be *at hand* or *forthcoming*. Often so.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious[2] villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Enter the* Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

*Tra.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? — O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![3] — O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband[4] at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

[2] Shakespeare has *notorious* for *egregious or outrageous* repeatedly.

[3] A *copatain* hat was a high-crowned hat shaped like a sugar-loaf. So in Danet's translation of Comines: "Upon their heads they ware felt hats *copple-tanked*, a quarter of an ell high or more." And Gascoigne has "A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemish block."

[4] To *play the husband*, as the phrase is here used, is to practice *economy* or *frugality*. See page 143, note 16.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer. —

Servant *brings in an* Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail. — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd[5] in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

[5] *Cony-catch* as already explained. See page 203, note 8.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be halèd and abused:
O monstrous villainy!

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Bion.* O, we are spoil'd! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *run out.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd[6] thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing,[7] with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damnèd villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

[6] To *blear* is to *blind*, and so was used for to *cheat* or *deceive*. Milton, in *Comus*, 155, has "spells, of power to *cheat* the eye with *blear* illusion."—The word *supposes* is no doubt a relic of the older comedy from which the underplot of this play was partly borrowed. It was much used in the same sense as here. For instance, Drayton has the line, "And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*." At the end of Act ii., Tranio says, "I see no reason but *supposed* Lucentio must get a father call'd—*supposed* Vincentio."

[7] *Packing* is *plotting*, working with *underhand contrivance*.

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Gre.* My cake is dough:[8] but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA *come forward.*

*Cath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Cath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Cath.* No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again: come, sirrah,[9] let's away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: [*Kisses him.*] now,
pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never's too late. [*Exeunt.*

[8] English editors of Shakespeare find it necessary to explain this old phrase. "An obsolete proverb," says Singer: it may be so in England; but it is far from obsolete here. I have been hearing it ever since I began to hear.

[9] Petruchio is evidently addressing Catharine here. The Poet has other passages showing that *sirrah* was sometimes used playfully in addressing women.

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

*A Banquet set out; enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Catharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer.[1] Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afeared.[2]

*Pet.* You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

[1] *Banquet* was sometimes used for a *dessert*, that is, a refection consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. So Baret: "*Banketting* dishes brought at the end of meales were junketts, tartes, marchpanes." The banquet was sometimes set out elsewhere than in the dining-room. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1: "We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the music and *banquet* be prepared here." Shakespeare, however, in most cases uses *banquet* for a *feast*, or *full meal.*

[2] The Widow understands Petruchio as using *fears* in the active sense for *frightens*. See page 169, note 22.

*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
*Pet.* Roundly replied.
*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that?
*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.[3]
*Pet.* Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?
*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
*Pet.* Very well mended. — Kiss him for that, good widow.
Cath. *He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:*
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
*Kath.* A very mean meaning.
*Wid.* Right, I mean you.
*Cath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
*Pet.* To her, Kate!
*Hor.* To her, widow!
*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
*Hor.* That's my office.
*Pet.* Spoke like an officer: — ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
*Gre.* Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
*Bian.* Head and butt! a hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.[4]
*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

[3] "Thus I conceive *of* him," or, "Such is my *conception* of him." — So the Poet repeatedly has *by* for *of.* The usage was common.

[4] A slurring allusion to the old ideal horns of a dishonoured husband. Bianca implies that Gremio's wife is or will be false to him. See page 47, notes 11 and 12.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow. —
You are welcome all. [*Exeunt* BIAN., CATH., *and* Widow.

*Pet.* She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift[5] simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.[6]

*Bap.* O, ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird,[7] good Tranio.

*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness,[8] son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he who's wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?

*Luc.* Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

5 *Swift* here means *witty* or *quick-witted.* So in *As You Like It*, v. 4: "He is very *swift* and sententious." Said of Touchstone.

6 A term of the chase, used when a deer turns upon its pursuers, and holds them *at bay;* that is, *fights* with them.

7 A *gird* is a *cut, taunt,* or *stroke of satire.* Often so used.

8 That is, *seriously* or *in good earnest.* The Poet has many instances of *sad* and *sadness* in that sense.

I'll venture so much of[9] my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred, then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match! 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin?

*Luc.* That will I. —
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself. —

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, a better.

*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

*Pet.* O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

[9] *Of* again where we should use *on*. See page 204, note 11.

Intolerable, not to be endured! —
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Bap.* Now, by my halidom,[10] here comes Catharina!

*Re-enter* CATHARINA.

*Cath.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Cath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit* CATH.

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

[10] Equivalent to "By my *faith*." *Halidom* is literally something *holy* or *sacred*. So in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 5: "Now, on my faith and *holydom*, we are beholden to your Worship."

*Re-enter* CATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[CATHARINA *pulls off her cap and throws it down.*
*Wid.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
*Bian.* Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
*Wid.* She shall not.
*Pet.* I say she shall: — and first begin with her.
*Cath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience, —
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions[11] and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[12] for it is no boot,[13]
And place your hands below your husband's foot:

[11] *Soft conditions* are *mild, sweet, gentle tempers* or *dispositions*. So *condition* was very often used. *Ill-conditioned* for *bad-tempered* is still in use.

[12] *Vail* your *stomachs* is *let fall* your *pride*, or *take down* your *high thoughts*. The Poet has *stomach* in that sense again in *Henry VIII.*, iv. 2, where Catharine describes Wolsey as "a man of an unbounded *stomach*, ever *ranking himself with princes*." See page 88, note 33.

[13] *Boot* is *profit* or *advantage*.

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.[14]—
[*To* LUCENTIO.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[15]
And, being the winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA.

*Hor.* Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrow.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*

[14] Meaning much the same as the phrase of our time, "you are *done for*"; in more dignified language, "your fate is decided."

[15] The *white* was the central part of the mark in archery. There is also a play upon the name Bianca, which is Italian for *white*.

# CRITICAL NOTES.

INDUCTION, SCENE I.

Page 139. *Go by,* Saint *Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*— In the original, "go by *S.* Jeronimie." *S.* was then the common abbreviation of *saint.* Some difficulty has been raised about the text on the ground that there was no Saint Jeronimy; and Dyce omits the *S.* altogether, though he still thinks "*Saint* Jeronimy" may be right. The allusion to Kyd's play is, I believe, admitted on all hands; and Sly, as I take it, has caught up the cant phrase of the time, and, from the resemblance of sound in *Jeronimy* and *Jerome,* oddly misplaces the title of *Saint.* See foot-note 5.

P. 140. *I must go fetch the* thirdborough.

Sly. Third, *or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.*— The original has "fetch the *headborough.*"

P. 141. Bathe *Merriman,— the poor cur is emboss'd.*—The original has "*Brach* Meriman"; which is clearly wrong, an imperative being required. Hanmer reads *Leech,* which means about the same as to *doctor.* Dyce reads *Trash,* which is to *fasten a clog upon,* something to prevent speed; and he takes *emboss'd* to mean *foaming at the mouth,* which is probably wrong. The reading in the text was proposed by Johnson. See foot-note 9.

P. 144. *But, sure, that part*

*Was aptly* fit, *and naturally perform'd.*—The old text reads "aptly *fitted.*" As Walker notes, "the metre requires us to read *fit,* whether we consider it as the past participle of the verb to *fit* or not." The Poet uses *fit* thus in *Cymbeline,* iii. 4: "Forethinking this, I have already *fit*— 'tis in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose," &c.

P. 145. *And call him* madam, *do him* all *obeisance.*— Here *all* is wanting in the old copy. Supplied by Pope.

P. 146. *I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence*
*May well abate* their *over-merry spleen.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "abate *the* over-merry spleen."

INDUCTION, SCENE 2.

P. 149. *O, how we joy to see your* wits *restored!* — The original has *wit* instead of wits. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 150. *As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps* o' the Green. — So Hanmer and Sir William Blackstone. The old text reads "John Naps *of Greece*," which seems to me a very unlikely designation. In *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2, we have "Peter Bullcalf *of the Green*."

P. 150. Sly. *Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends!*
All. *Amen.* [One of the *Servants* presents SLY with a cup of liquor, which he drinks.
Sly. *I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.* — I have ventured to insert the stage-direction here, because I think Sly's second speech clearly requires something of the kind. Dyce notes thus upon it: "Something is evidently omitted before this speech. Pope attempted to supply the deficiency by inserting a small portion of the corresponding dialogue from the old *Taming of a Shrew;* and it certainly would seem that in the present speech Sly is returning thanks for liquor."

P. 150. *Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,*
*And slept* about *some fifteen year or more.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old text has *above* instead of *about.* — In the first line, Walker proposes to read "Madam, *my* wife"; and adds, "He hesitates between the two modes of address, *madam*, and *my wife*, and jumbles both together." I suspect Walker is right, as he is apt to be: for this Induction is most assuredly Shakespeare's; and I can hardly think *he* would have allowed a gap in the metre here.

P. 151. *Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty,* &c. — Such is Dyce's punctuation of the passage; and it is clearly right. The original has "Marrie I will let them play, it is not a comontie," &c.

P. 151. Sly. *Well, we'll see't.—*

*Come, madam wife, sit by my side,*

*And let the world* slip: *we shall ne'er be younger.*—Collier's second folio has *slide* instead of *slip.* "Let the world slide" was a proverbial saying, which Sly uses at the opening of the play; and it certainly seems quite in keeping that he should use it again here. In fact, I find it not easy to reject the reading and arrangement proposed by Lettsom:

Well, *well*, we'll see't, *we'll see't.*—Come, madam wife,
[*Sings.*] Sit by my side,
And let the world *slide;*
We shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 152. *I am arrived* in *fruitful Lombardy.*—The original has *for* instead of *in;* probably repeated by mistake from the second line before. Corrected by Capell.

P. 152. *Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.*

Lucentio *his son, brought up in Florence.*—So Hanmer and Walker. The original has "Vincentio's come," and then "*Vincentio's* sonne" instead of "*Lucentio his* son."

P. 153. *Or so devote to Aristotle's* ethics.—So Blackstone and Collier's second folio; the old text, "Aristotle's *checkes.*"

P. 153. *Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.*

*If Biondello* now were *come ashore,*

*We could at once put us in readiness.*—So Collier's second folio. The original reads "If Biondello *thou wert* come." Doubtless the *thou* slipped in from the line before, and that drew on a change of *were* into *wert.*

P. 154. *Unless you were of gentler, milder* mood.—So Collier's second folio; the old text, *mould* instead of *mood.* A somewhat doubtful change perhaps, though adopted by Dyce.

P. 156. Content ye, gentlemen; *I am resolved.*—The original reads "Gentlemen, content ye." The reason of the change is obvious.

P. 156. Our *love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together.*—The old text is "*Their* love is not so great"; which is palpably wrong. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 159. *And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,*
*Because* he *will not be annoy'd with suitors.* — In the old copies, "Because *she* will not," &c. Corrected by Singer.

P. 160. *I will some other be; some Florentine,*
*Some Neapolitan, or* mean *man of Pisa.* — The original reads "or *meaner* man," to the damage of both sense and metre. Corrected by Capell.

P. 160. *In brief,* then, *sir, sith it your pleasure is.* — In the old text, *then* is wanting, thus leaving a gap in the verse. Supplied by Malone. Dyce completes the verse by changing *sith* to *sithence,* a word which the Poet uses in but two other places.

## Act I., Scene 2.

P. 162. *Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what* be leges *in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir, he bid me knock him,* &c. — The old copies read "what *he* leges in Latine." This is commonly printed "what he 'leges," taking the last word as an elision of *alleges.* The Poet has the word *allege* in but three other places of his plays, and in all these the folio spells it *alledge,* which was indeed the common spelling at that time. In adopting Tyrwhitt's reading, I lay no stress on the circumstance that the common reading "makes Grumio, though an Italian, mistake his native language for Latin; for his humour delights in such blunders"; but it seems to me that the whole sense and logic of the passage stand up for "what *be leges.*"

P. 164. *She moves me not, or not removes, at least,*
*Affection's edge in me, were she as rough,* &c. — The first folio has, absurdly enough, "were she *is* as rough." Corrected in the quarto of 1631.

P. 166. *And her withholds from me,* and *other more.* — The old copies read "from me. Other more." Corrected by Capell on the suggestion of Thirlby.

P. 167. *Hark, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound.* — So Walker. The original has "Hark you, sir," thus over-filling the verse. Hanmer omitted *sir.*

P. 167. *Take your* paper *too.* So the original. Hanmer reads *papers,* to agree with *them* in the next line. But see foot-note 20.

P. 167. *For she is sweeter than perfume itself,*
*To whom they go. What will you read to her?*—The old copies have "To whom they go *to.*" It is true, the Poet sometimes doubles the preposition in such cases; but here it founders the prosody.

P. 168. *About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca.*—"For *the* fair Bianca," in the original; where *the* is obviously redundant. In the next speech we have "To fair Bianca."

P. 168. *Hath promised me to help* me *to another.*—The old text has *one* instead of the second *me.*

P. 169. *O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!*—So Hanmer; the old copies, "O, *sir,* such a life." Capell omitted the *O,* and Walker would read "O, sir, such life."

P. 169. *That gives not half so great a blow to* th' ear
*As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.*—In the old copies, "blow *to heare.*" Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 169. *My mind presumes, for his own good and* ours.—In the old text, *yours,* instead of *ours,* which the drift of the dialogue fairly requires.

P. 170. Gre. *He that has two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?*—The original assigns this speech to Biondello. Heath notes upon the point thus: "It is evident from what immediately precedes, that Tranio's inquiry was addressed to the gentlemen he met, not to his own servant; nor are the questions asked in reply suitable to the servant's mouth. It is plain, therefore, that Biondello's speech must be given either to Hortensio or to Gremio." In the next speech, Tranio must be supposed to call his servant for some purpose, which he is prevented from expressing by Gremio's interruption.

P. 171. *What,* what, *this gentleman will out-talk us all!*—So Capell. The second *what* is wanting in the original.

P. 171. *Sir, let me be so bold as ask you* this.—The original lacks *this*, which was added by Capell.

P. 171. *And if you break the ice, and do this* feat.—So Rowe and Collier's second folio. Instead of *feat*, the old text has *seeke*, very absurdly.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 172. *But, for these other* gauds,
*Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself.*—The old copies have *goods* instead of *gauds*. Theobald's correction.

P. 173. *Of all thy suitors, here I charge* thee, *tell*
*Whom thou lovest best.*—The first folio omits *thee*, which was added in the second.

P. 173. *Believe me, sister, of all men alive.*—In the original, "of all *the* men alive," over-filling the verse.

P. 174. Bap. *What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.*
Cath. *Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see*
*She is your treasure*, &c.—Here the original repeats *What* at the beginning of Catharina's speech; doubtless, as Malone thought, by mistake.

P. 175. *I* knew *him well: you're welcome for his sake.*—"I *know* him well," in the old copies. But Petruchio's father is dead, and a little further on Petruchio says to Baptista, "You *knew* my father well."

P. 175. Neighbour, *this is a gift very grateful.*—*Neighbours* instead of *Neighbour* in the original.

P. 175. I *freely give unto* you *this young scholar.*—Both *I* and *you* are wanting in the old text. Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 176. *Sirrah, lead these gentlemen*
*To my* two *daughters; and* then *tell them both,*
*These are their tutors.*—So the second folio, the first lacks both *two* and *then*.

P. 179. Pet. *Women are made to bear, and so are you.*
Cath. But *no such* load *as you, if me you mean.* — In the original the second line reads "No such *Jade* as you, if me you meane." To stop the gap in the verse, the second folio inserted *sir* after *Jade*. The correction of *Jade* to *load* is Singer's, and it seems to me just the thing. Dyce finds fault with "its violence," yet he prints "No such jade as *bear* you"! Perhaps the true reading is, "No jade *for such* as you, if me you mean."

P. 180. *Ay, if the fool could find* out *where it lies.* — The old text reads "could find *it* where it lies." Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 183. *Is this your speeding? nay, then good night our* pact. — So Collier's second folio; in the old copies, *part* instead of *pact*.

P. 185. *The gain I seek is, quiet* in *the match.* — The old text has "quiet *me* the match."

P. 185. *That can assure my daughter greatest dower*
*Shall have Bianca's love.* — The original repeats *my* in the second line, — "have *my* Biancas love."

P. 186. *My land amounts* but *to so much in all:*
*That she shall have.* — "Amounts *not* to so much," in the old copies. Corrected by Warburton.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 188. *But, wrangling pedant, this is*
*The patroness of heavenly harmony.* — Here we have a shockingly mutilated line, which has been mended in various ways. Hanmer reads "But, wrangling pedant, *know* this *lady* is"; and Collier's second folio, "*Tut*, wrangling pedant, *I avouch* this is." Lettsom conjectures "But, wrangling pedant, this is *a Cecilia*." All very good, I think, especially the last; but perhaps neither of them is fairly admissible.

P. 189. *How fiery and forward* is *our pedant!* — The original assigns this and the three following lines to Lucentio. And through much of the scene the prefixes are tangled into most admirable dis-

order; some of Hortensio's speeches having "*Bian.*" set before them, and some of Bianca's, "*Hort.*"—The original also reads "forward our pedant *is.*" The change is Pope's.

P. 191. *Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice,*
*To* change *true rules for* odd *inventions.*—The original reads "To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." The first correction was made in the second folio, the other by Theobald. Rowe and Collier's second folio read "To change true rules for *new* inventions"; which, I suspect, is the right text.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 192. *Unto a mad*-brain'd *rudesby, full of spleen.*—Instead of *mad-brain'd*, the old copies have *mad-braine;* one of the many instances in which *d* and *e* final were confounded. Further on in the scene Petruchio is spoken of as "The mad-*brain'd* bridegroom."

P. 192. *Make* feasts, *invite* friends, *and proclaim the banns.*—So Dyce. The original has "Make *friends*, invite, and proclaime the banes." To fill up the verse, the second folio inserts *yes* after *invite.* Malone inserted *them* instead of *yes.* White prints "Make friends *invited*," rather oddly, I think; though he explains it "Cause friends to be invited." In ii. 1, we have Petruchio saying, "Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests."

P. 192. *For such an injury would vex a saint,*
*Much more a shrew of* thy *impatient humour.*—The old text has "would vexe a *very* saint"; which Walker sets down among the instances of "*very* interpolated."—The original also lacks *thy* in the second line. Supplied in the second folio.

P. 192. *News, and such* old *news as you never heard of!*
Bap. *Is it new and old too?*—So Capell. The original lacks *old* in the first line.

P. 193. *But, say, what* is *thine old news?*—In the old copies, "what *to* thine old news?" Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 193. *Possess'd with the glanders, and like to* mourn *in the chine.* —The original has "like to *mose* in the chine." No other instance of *mose* has been produced, yet it has on all hands been treated as the Poet's genuine word. Nares quotes the passage in the text, and presumes that it means the same disease which others call "mourning in the chine." But *mose* is no doubt a misprint for *mourn.* The correction is Hanmer's. See foot-note 5.

P. 194. Sway'd *in the back, and shoulder-shotten;* near-*legg'd before, and with a half-*check'd *bit.* — The original has *waid* instead of *sway'd.* The explanations given of *near-legg'd before* are not very satisfactory, and I suspect there is something wrong in the text. The original has "*neere* leg'd before." Lord Chadworth gives the following comment: "I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson, two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left." But this explanation seems to make *near-legg'd* mean too little for the place. White takes it to mean *knock-kneed;* but how he gets that sense out of *near-legg'd,* I cannot imagine. — Both Dyce and Singer print "half-*cheeked* bit." The original has "halfe-*checkt* Bitte." I think I understand "half-*check'd* bit" tolerably well; but "half-*cheeked* bit" not a whit.

P. 194. *And* new-repaired *with knots.* — The old copies have "and *now* repaired." Corrected by Walker.

P. 194. *An old hat, and* The Humour of Forty Fancies *prick'd in't for a feather.* — So the passage is usually printed in modern editions. The original prints *The Humour of Forty Fancies* in the same type as the context. I give in foot-note 13 the explanation commonly received, but am not satisfied either about the mode of printing or the explanation. It rather seems to me that the words in question were simply meant to describe some fantastical contrivance got up for the occasion. Such a mad-cap humourist as Petruchio might easily enough muster forty fancies into the place of a feather, for a comical display. It is to be noted withal, that throughout this description Biondello speaks very much for the humour of the thing, and so fun has somewhat the upper hand of fact in his language.

P. 196. *But* to her *love concerneth us to add*
*Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,*
*As* I *before imparted to your Worship*, &c. — The original has the first line thus: "But *sir*, Love concerneth us to adde." Tyrwhitt proposed, and Malone printed, the insertion of *to her*, but still retained the *sir*, which was no doubt a misprint for *her*. White and Dyce print as in the text. — In the third line the first folio omits the *I*, which was added in the second, though in the wrong place, — after *before*.

P. 198. *But, after* marriage *ceremonies done,*
*He calls for wine.* — The old text has *many* instead of *marriage*. The word *many* clearly has no business there. Corrected by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 199. *No, nor to-morrow, nor till please myself.* —
*For me, I'll not be gone till please myself.* — In both these lines the original has "till *I* please myself." Probably a transcriber's or a printer's sophistication, who did not understand the use of *please* as an impersonal verb without *it*. Walker points out other places where the Poet uses it thus; as in *Richard III.*, ii. 2: "And may direct his course *as please himself*."

## Act iv., Scene i.

P. 202. *For it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and* myself, *fellow Curtis.* — Warburton changed *myself* to *thyself*, and rightly, I suspect; for the explanation required by the old text seems rather too fine. See foot-note 6.

P. 203. *The serving-men in their new fustian,* their *white stockings*, &c. — The original has *the* instead of the second *their*.

P. 204. *This* is *to feel a tale, not hear a tale.* — The old text reads "This *'tis* to feel a tale."

P. 205. *Where be these knaves? What, no man at* the *door*
*To hold my stirrup*, &c. — The old copies omit *the* before *door*. The Poet elsewhere has the phrase *at door;* but he also has "at *the* door," and here the metre requires it.

P. 207. *Out,* out, *you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.* — The second *out* is wanting in the old copies. Both sense and prosody call for it. Inserted by Pope.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 209. *That is, to watch her, as we watch* those *kites*
*That bate, and beat,* &c. — In the old text, *these* instead of *those.* A very easy misprint.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 210. *To satisfy you,* sir, *in what I've said.* — In the old text, "*Sir,* to satisfy you." A most needless sin against rhythm. Corrected by Pope.

P. 210. *Loved* none *in the world so well as Lucentio.* — The original has "lov'd *me.*" — I print this speech as prose; for it cannot possibly be read as verse; and the trying to do so makes both the sense and the English hobble to no purpose.

P. 210. *O* spiteful *love! injurious womankind.* — So Walker. The old text has "Oh *despightful* Love."

P. 211. *That I have fondly flatter'd* her *withal.* — The original has *them* instead of *her.* Corrected in the third folio.

P. 211. *Would all the world but he had quite forsworn* her! — The old copies omit *her,* which is necessary to the sense. Added by Rowe.

P. 212. *Take* in *your love.* —The original has "Take *me.*" Hardly worth noting. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 214. *Go with me,* sir, *to clothe you as becomes you.* — So the second folio; the others omit *sir.*

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 218. *O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble,*
*Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!* — The original has "Oh monstrous arrogance: Thou lyest, *thou thred,* thou thimble, Thou yard," &c. The reading in the text is Ritson's, who

observes that Petruchio calls the Tailor "a skein of thread" a little after. Probably *thread* was written at first, then *thimble* substituted, and both words got printed together.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 221. *Ay*, ay, *what else?* — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has merely "*I* what else." The affirmative particle *ay* is commonly printed *I* in the old copies.

P. 222. *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.* — So Theobald. The original makes this line a part of Tranio's following speech.

P. 223. *And, — if you please to like*
*No worse than I*, sir, — *upon some agreement,*
*Me shall you find* most *ready and* most *willing.* — So the second folio. The first omits *sir* in the second line, and for the third line has "Me shall you finde readie and willing."

P. 223. *The match is* fully *made, and all is done.* — So Hanmer. The old copies lack *fully*, thus mutilating the verse. In the first scene of this Act we have Grumio saying, "Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made*."

P. 223. *I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you* hold *best*
*We be affied*, &c. — So Collier's second folio. The original has *know* instead of *hold*.

P. 223. *Then at my lodging, an it like you*, sir. — So the second folio. The first omits *sir*.

P. 224. Luc. *I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.* — The old copies assign this speech to Biondello; but the context shows decisively that it belongs to Lucentio.

P. 224. *I cannot tell*, except, while *they are busied about a counterfeit assurance*, you take *assurance of her*, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. *To the church*, &c. — Instead of *except*, the reading of the second folio, the first has *expect;* and both omit *while*, which is Capell's insertion. The old copies also transpose *you take*, thus making

*take* imperative. I do not well see how *except* should be followed by an imperative verb; and I must needs understand the imperative sense as beginning with "*To* the church." The wrenching that has to be used in order to make sense out of the old text is, I think, conclusive against it.

P. 225. *To bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix.* — The old text reads "bid the priest be ready *to come* against," &c. Here *to come* doubtless crept in by contagion from *you come*, a little after.

Act iv., Scene 6.

P. 225. *Go* one, *and fetch our horses back again.* — So Capell conjectured. The original has "Goe *on*." But *on* and *one* were, as is well known, pronounced alike, and often printed so.

P. 226. *And so it shall be* still *for Catharine.* — So Ritson and Collier's second folio. Instead of *still*, the original repeats *so*.

P. 226. *But, soft!* what *company is coming here.* — So Ritson and Collier's second folio, again. The old copies omit *what*. The insertion is further approved by the corresponding line in the older play: "But soft; *who's* this that's coming here?"

P. 227. *'A will make the man mad, to make* a *woman of him.* — So the second folio. The first has "make *the* woman."

P. 227. *Whither away; or* where *is thy abode?* — Instead of *where*, the original repeats *whither*. Corrected in the second folio. — The corresponding passage of the older play aptly illustrates the Poet's skill in making a good thing better. The Duke is on his way to Athens in quest of his son, when he encounters Ferando, who answers to Petruchio, and Catharine:

> *Duke.* Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?
> *Feran.* Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
> More clear of hue, and far more beautiful,
> Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
> Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth;
> More amiable far than is the plain
> Where glistering Cepherus, in silver bowers,
> Gazeth upon the giant Andromede; —
> Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

*Duke.* I think the man is mad: he calls me a woman.
*Kate.* Fair lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew;
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden Summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable like the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.
*Duke.* What, is she mad too? or is my shape transform'd,
That both of them persuade me I'm a woman?
But they're mad, sure, and therefore I'll be gone,
And leave their company for fear of harm;
And unto Athens haste, to seek my son. [*Exit.*
*Feran.* Why, so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why, thus we two must live, —
One mind, one heart, and one content for both.
This good old man does think that we are mad;
And glad is he, I'm sure, that he is gone:
But come, sweet Kate; for we will after him,
And new-persuade him to his shape again.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 229. *His father is come from* Pisa, *and* is *here looking out at the window.* — The original has *Padua* instead of *Pisa*, and omits the second *is*.

P. 230. *What, my worshipful old master?* — So the quarto of 1631. The folios have "my *old* worshipfull old master."

P. 231. *Why, sir, what* concerns *it you if I wear pearl and gold?* — So the second folio. Instead of *concerns*, the original has *cernes*, which may have been meant as an abbreviation of *concerns*.

P. 232. *Thus strangers may be hal'd and abused:*
*O monstrous* villainy! — Here the old text has *villaine;* but, a little further on, the same speaker says, "I will in, to be revenged for this *villanie.*" Corrected by Dyce.

P. 232. *Son* unto *the right Vincentio.* — So Capell. The original has *to* instead of *unto*. Hardly worth noting.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 234. *And time it is, when raging war is* done,
*To smile at 'scapes*, &c.— Instead of *done*, the old copies have *come*, which is palpably wrong. Collier's second folio substitutes *gone*. *Done* is Rowe's correction.

P. 234. *You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense.*—In the old text, "You are *verie* sencible." Still another instance of "*very* interpolated." See note on "vex a saint," page 250.

P. 235. *Have at you for a* bitter *jest or two.*—"A *better* jest or two" in the old copies. Corrected by Capell.

P. 236. *Well, I say no: and therefore,* for *assurance,*
*Let's each one send unto his wife.*—So the second folio. The first has *sir* instead of *for*. The second line is mutilated of one foot,—no uncommon thing in this play. Capell mended the verse by printing "*Pray you*, let's each one send." Collier's second folio has "his *several* wife," which is really too bad. Lettsom proposes "send *e'en now* unto his wife." It will probably do no hurt to have one more reading proposed: so, I propose "send *forthwith* unto his wife."

P. 237. *Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.*
Pet. *I hope*, a *better*.—So Walker. The old text omits the last *a*.

P. 238. Pet. *Worse and worse: she will not come! O vile,*
*Intolerable, not to be endured!*—
*Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;*
*Say, I command her come to me.* [Exit GRUMIO.
Hor. *I know her answer.*
Pet. *What?*
Hor. *She will not.*—It is too bad that the verse is so cruelly mangled in this part of the scene. In the first of the lines, I think it would be well in character, and apt for the occasion, to read "*There*, worse and worse!" or "*Why*, worse and worse!" The third line, I am pretty confident, ought to be transposed, thus: "Go to your mistress, Sirrah Grumio." For the last speech, Dyce suggests "She will not *come*." And so it should be, surely.

P. 238. *Here is a wonder, if you talk of* wonders. — So Lettsom. The old copies read "if you talk of *a wonder*." Walker points out a large number of cases where *a* was beyond question interpolated against both sense and metre.

P. 238. *And show more sign of her* obedience,
*Her new-built virtue* and *obedience.* — Instead of the first *obedience,* Walker says, "read *submission*." I suspect he is right. In the second line, Capell printed "virtue *of* obedience." I more than suspect this is right. There are divers cases where it is all but certain we have *of* and *and* misprinted for each other.

P. 239. *The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,*
*Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.* — The original here reads "Hath cost me *five* hundred crowns." The wager was, *in fact,* "a hundred"; and Rowe corrected the text accordingly. To get rid of the redundant syllable, Collier's second folio strikes out *Hath,* and Lettsom would omit *me.* I do not see how the sense can well spare either.

P. 239. *It* blots *thy beauty, as frosts* do *bite the meads.* — Lettsom would substitute *blasts* for *blots;* perhaps rightly: and Dyce, following the second folio, omits *do;* perhaps rightly also; though, to my ear, the omission rather mars than helps the metre; and this, no doubt, was the motive for it.

*Press-work by Rockwell & Churchill.*